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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

ACCORDING to Hooverian economics, expressed in the President's message to Congress, the causes of the existing depression do not lie in the United States, except for the minor effect of the stock-market speculation. The major forces are overproduction of basic commodities—a condition for which he apparently thinks we do not share responsibility—and revolutionary movements abroad. "We will overcome world influences and will lead the march of prosperity as we have always done hitherto." How? Not by any governmental action except the encouragement of industry and of coöperative relief by local communities. Nothing further in this line is contemplated than has already been done through the business conference of a year ago and the appointment of the emergency committee on unemployment. The number of the unemployed, says Mr. Hoover, without attempting to substantiate his statement, "has been far less in proportion than in other large industrial countries." The figures to prove this assertion do not exist, and what figures there are, if correctly interpreted, indicate that it is untrue. Agricultural prices, says the President, although low, are higher in this country than abroad, due to the combination of the tariff and the operations of the Farm Board. But he does not say that they have not been so for long, and are not likely to be so in the future. Just about half the message is devoted to this sort of apologetics for the existence of the depression, and for what the federal government has done in the face of it.

THE President does not want Congress to do anything about the situation, naturally enough, except to pass the usual appropriation bills plus about $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 for emergency construction. He will, of course, be opposed to the suggestion, recently put forward by a number of prominent citizens, that the government issue a billion dollars' worth of bonds to finance a great volume of construction work for relieving unemployment. "The government," he says, "must not undertake works that are not of a sound economic purpose and that have not been subject to searching technical investigation, and which have not been given adequate consideration by the Congress." Time is essential to make the necessary "architectural, engineering and legal preparations," while "our problem is the increase of employment for the next six months." This analysis of the proposal is, in our judgment, absolutely sound; the bond issue for emergency relief would do little good and might do considerable harm. And by these words the administration is self-indicted, for they show, if they show anything, that a building program to provide substantial relief should have been laid out while prosperity was still with us. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover does not recommend the passage of the Wagner bill for advance planning, or any similar measure. It is too soon, he says, "to better organize mitigation of the effect of depression." One gathers that when, if ever, he is ready to recommend a program of this nature, it will consist largely, not of more governmental activity, but of the removal "of governmental influences which make for instability." Mr. Hoover still clings to laissez-faire.

THE remainder of the President's message is brief and, for the most part, noncommittal. He does, of course, recognize that with the prospect of a deficit, we cannot safely repeat the reduction of income taxes in force for the current year. Legislation in respect to Muscle Shoals should be "completed," as should bus regulation, relief of congestion in the courts and other minor projects. How completed, he does not say. For the rest, he recommends merely inquiry as the basis for subsequent action. Postponed subjects under this category are regulation of interstate electrical power, legislation to facilitate railroad consolidation, possible modification of anti-trust laws to help particular industries like coal, repeal of the tax on capital gains, revision of immigration laws, etc. The World Court will have a special message. The upshot is that the President wants Congress to do as little as possible; he wants to avoid an extra session; he is not ready to recommend any major economic policy or even to indicate what it might be if he did recommend it.

A SIGNIFICANT and ominous incident occurred at Geneva last Thursday. At the sessions of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, the French and English presented a proposal providing that no agreements which should be arrived at in the arms convention should interfere with any obligations established by previous treaties. Count Von Bernstorff protested that this, by binding Germany to the Treaty of Versailles, would make it impossible for her to arm up to the level of the other nations at the same time that the Allies were able and ready to increase their armaments. He described the Treaty as a "deplorable result of five years' work." Thereupon Lord Cecil of Chelwood, who seems to have been rather touchy and irascible throughout the conference, flew into a towering rage, declared that the convention *would* limit land effectives "inferentially" and accused Bernstorff of being "carried away by passion and prejudice." Bernstorff turned pale and said no more, and the Anglo-French proposal was adopted unanimously, though with a unanimity somewhat qualified by the fact that Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey and Russia abstained from voting on it.

IN THE meantime, the Soviet delegate, Maxim Litvinov, who had had the experience at the conference of having Lord Cecil try to prevent one of his speeches from being translated, had stopped off on his way back to Russia to have a little talk with the Italian Foreign Minister and had then proceeded to Germany. Interviewed in Berlin, he remarked that there was no hope of disarmament at Geneva and that they might as well have left the work to clerks. And it is true that the net result of the activities of the Commission seems to have been to emphasize the tendency of Europe to split up according to her old habit into two hostile combinations, with France and England and the Little Entente clinging fast to the Treaty on the one hand, and on the other the nation excluded at Versailles, the nations put in bondage there, and Italy.

THE California supreme court has ruled adversely on the application of Warren K. Billings for a pardon; and since Governor Young had announced that he would be guided by its action in deciding the similar plea of Tom Mooney, these two famous victims of class injustice must remain in prison. Governor Young, repudiated by the voters, will presently retire again to private life; and his successor, Mr. James Rolph, could then pardon Mooney if he chose. Billings happens to be the victim of two successive frame-ups instead of one; and under the California law, as a two-time prisoner, he cannot be pardoned by the Governor without a favorable recommendation from the state supreme court, which will not be granted as long as the court retains its present membership. The fight for Mooney and Billings must and will go on as long as either of them remains alive; but the adverse decision of the court is a grave setback.

IT IS, however, a setback which was to be expected. It must be remembered that this is the second refusal of the court in the Billings case. In July they decided against him in an opinion which must stand as one of the most weird exhibitions of ignorance, prejudice and disregard of both the facts and the principles of justice, in the annals of American judicial procedure. It wound up with the observation that if Mooney and Billings are not themselves guilty, "it is an almost inevitable conclusion" that "they know and have always known who did prepare and plant the bomb"—a statement which ignores the fact that Mooney and Billings had spent thousands of dollars of their always inadequate relief fund in trying to find out precisely this. The court in this earlier decision put its reliance on the testimony of John McDonald, the only person who ever pretended to have seen the planting of the bomb; the judges evidently counted on his having disappeared since his recantation of his testimony nine years earlier, and must have been disconcerted when he was discovered in Baltimore. Perforce, they were obliged to reopen the case; McDonald came to California and repeated his recantation, at the same time showing himself to be so weak and neurotic a character that he should never have been relied upon as a witness in the first place. Others of the original witnesses again appeared and discredited themselves or were discredited. From first to last, the judges conducted the inquiry with a pitiful demonstration of legal incompetence and a disheartening show of prejudice; they fully justified the description of a majority of the court, in The New Republic of July 23, by George West: "mediocre small-town lawyers, saturated in the folk-prejudices of their communities." The only exception appears to be Justice William H. Langdon, who dissented from

the first opinion as he does from the second. Prejudice, bribery and perjury put Mooney and Billings into prison in the first place; prejudice and legal incompetence are keeping them there.

THE trial of the eight Russian engineers (whose number has just been increased to nine) is certainly one of the most amazing human dramas of this generation. If it seems too great a strain on credulity to believe that the defendants are telling the truth, it is equally impossible to believe that they are lying. They are already dead men, and they of course know it; yet they testify as to their acts of sabotage, and their treasonable intrigues with counter-revolutionary agents outside Russia, with a sort of aloof vivacity which is inexplicable by any ordinary laws of human behavior. The European and American press, dismayed by circumstantial charges that important officials of the French, British and other governments have plotted with these men to overthrow the Soviet regime, have leaped to the explanation that their confessions are wholly fictitious, forced from them by torture in prison. Thereupon Krylenko, the prosecutor, made this allegation a part of the court record, and one by one the prisoners denied on the stand, apparently in a way to convince all present, that they had been subjected to torture.

THE details of the charges regarding officials of French and British governments are being heard in private sessions of the court, and thus far nothing has been published to make possible a definite judgment as to the truth of these amazing allegations. It is well, however, to keep in mind a few background facts:

1. The accused, all of whom have given complete confessions, have described in detail their acts of sabotage within Russia, which could easily be verified or disproved, and may therefore be assumed to be true. It is psychologically unlikely that these defendants, in the shadow of the gallows, would tell stories, agreeing with one another, each of which was true in the same particulars and false in the same others.

2. It is well known that there are many Tsarist and Menshevik Russians living in exile, who would make any sacrifice in order to overthrow the Soviet regime.

3. It is also well known that there are important individuals in France, England, Poland and elsewhere, who have been or still are officials of the government, who would welcome a war with Russia for the purpose of overturning the Bolshevists. Nothing would be more natural than that they should conspire with emigrés and counter-revolutionaries within Russia for this purpose. Such individuals would not necessarily represent the governments of their respective countries, although their fellow conspirators—and the Soviets' secret agents—might assume that they did.

4. It is also well to remember that on at least four occasions in the past, England and France (in some cases with the aid of other powers, including the United States), have actually done what they are accused of again attempting: They plotted with Denikin, Judenich, Wrangel and Kolchak, giving these adventurers money and military supplies, for precisely the purpose of making war on the U. S. S. R.

SEVEN prominent couturiers in New York City—Bergdorf Goodman and Company, Henry Bendel, Inc., Hickson, Inc., Mme. Frances, Inc., Mme. Thurn, Tappé, and Stein and Blaine, Inc., are evidently trying to make use of the unemployment situation to destroy the union of men tailors who have worked for them, and put an end to the collective relations which have endured peaceably for eight years under an impartial chairman. As the date approached for a renewal of the union contract, the principal demand of the workers was for recognition of the organization of the less fortunate women workers employed by these concerns. The employers demanded the right to discharge yearly as many as 20 percent of their employees without review by the impartial machinery—that is, without establishing a reason which would be held to justify them in so doing, such as lack of work or inefficient performance. Such a demand can really mean only one thing—victimization of active union members. In order to induce the employers to negotiate at all, the union had to drop its own demand. No agreement being reached on discharge, the employers inserted slips in the pay envelopes notifying the workers that, the union contract having expired, they would either have to seek reëmployment as individuals—that is, on the management's terms—or be out of a job. This was, of course, a lock-out. Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins, in mediating, suggested a compromise whereby the employers might have the right to discharge 5 percent without review. This was reluctantly accepted by the union, but rejected by the employers. A citizens' committee under the chairmanship of Dr. E. C. Lindeman has accordingly been formed to aid the strikers. Financial assistance may be sent to Mr. John A. Fitch, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Women who are interested may be glad to know of this committee, and also that tentative settlements have been made with some of the independent shops, such as Peggy Hoyt, MacVeady, Revillon Frères, and Hattie Carnegie, Inc.

NOT the least interesting fact about the recent elections was the striking increase in the Socialist vote. In New York, for example, this increase was on the average almost 100 percent, in comparison with that of 1928. New York City's congressional vote jumped from 66,884 to 127,481; that for the state senators, from 65,748 to 105,562; that for Governor, from 48,546 to 88,823. Certain popular leaders in New York City did even better; Norman Thomas, running for Congress, received a vote 200 percent larger than that cast in the same district two years earlier; B. C. Vladeck obtained an increase of 130 percent and Heywood Broun and Jacob Panken, 300 percent each. In Milwaukee,

Wis., the Socialists increased their representation in the lower house of the state legislature from 3 to 9, though they lost one of their two members in the state senate. In Reading, Pa., which has for some time had a Socialist administration, the party sent two members to the state legislature, and the Socialist candidate for Governor, James H. Maurer, received a larger vote in Reading than did the successful candidate, former Governor Gifford Pinchot. We think these increases in the Socialist vote should be heartily welcomed by progressive-minded citizens, whether or not they accept the tenets of the Socialist faith. The curse of American politics is our reluctance to vote in favor of our principles unless we can support a candidate who has a good chance of an immediate victory. Most of the men mentioned above had no hope of success; they knew it and so did those who voted for them. Such a vote constitutes a genuine protest against our dominant social and economic ideals.

THE best reason President Hoover can advance for the appointment of Mr. W. N. Doak as Secretary of Labor is that President Green of the A. F. of L. did not want him to. Mr. Doak, from the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, belongs to a labor organization which is not affiliated with the A. F. of L.—although, like the other railway brotherhoods, it is officially on good terms with the Federation. We can see no good reason for insisting that the Secretary of Labor must be associated with the A. F. of L.—but that does not justify the President in appointing anybody just because he is not so associated. Mr. Doak reaps his reward because, during the campaign of 1924, he deserted the rest of the labor movement in its support of La Follette and remained a regular Republican. Like the few other prominent labor leaders who did so, Mr. Doak is a thoroughgoing conservative. We do not understand why anyone should have really expected any other sort of appointment from the Hoover administration. The hope that a really competent expert like Miss Grace Abbott might be selected, supported as she was by the scientific groups who are primarily interested in good administration, was futile in view of the fact that she was not a docile Republican who would say and do nothing embarrassing to the extreme caution of the President in economic affairs.

Engineers View the Depression

WHEN the engineers, who are the creators of the material wonders of industry, meet in the midst of a severe depression, and ask what is the matter with the way their marvelous machinery is operated, the result is bound to be interesting. This week their question was directed to Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, one of the leading economists of the country, who was invited to address the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers on "Economics and Social Engineering."

Dr. Mitchell accepts the technological challenge when he quotes from The Forum a statement by Mr. Flanders, a leading engineer, to the effect that we have the resources, equipment and technical ability to smother the population with an avalanche of necessities and luxuries such as "no utopian dreamer in his busiest slumbers ever dreamed." The only reason the engineers do not do this is because they are obstructed by "the economic machine." Why don't the economists get busy and do as good a job as the engineers?

Dr. Mitchell attempts to explain. His explanation is significantly at variance with the popular vision of orthodox economics, which finds its reflection in the daily words of political and business leaders, from the President down. It is usually assumed that we already have an "economic machine" which normally operates well, that when its balance is temporarily upset it corrects itself with a minimum of loss, that the best policy is to leave it alone. But the leaders of economic thought have traveled far from this conception. What happens results from the "unplanned reaction of a host of agencies." The economic machine was never designed. A myriad factors, depending on an uncontrolled variation of prices, profits, production and purchasing power, constantly tend to get out of adjustment with each other. Changes of method and habit are continually introduced, by engineers and others. "The real mystery is not that the economic machine—if we are to continue calling it that—now and then gets out of order; the mystery is that most of the time this machine runs after a fashion." Not only does it fail during depressions, but even at other times it is far from fulfilling the possibilities offered by technical advance. There are forces at work which tend toward equilibrium, but they move slowly and uncertainly; before they correct one maladjustment, another is upon them.

What can economists do about it? Throughout the long history of the science, numbers of them have tried to improve economic institutions. But they are faced with difficulties greater than those which confront an inventor of a new machine or industrial process, who merely has to convince one business man that utilization of the invention will offer him a profit. They have first to decide what ends are desirable. When common agreement is reached on certain elementary goals like business stability or increase in the standard of living, they have to convince, not one person, but often thousands or millions, that the policies recommended are good. The difficulty of doing so is illustrated by the recent pronouncement of the American economists against increase of the tariff, a pronouncement based on a well nigh universal conviction of informed students. How many engineers backed up the economists in this issue? Certainly the engineer-President did not—though Dr. Mitchell was too kind to say so. And finally, the

economists, who are not yet far from the beginning of a really scientific study of the economic behavior of mankind, frequently cannot predict accurately what all the results of a given action may be. Along with the desired end, others which are unexpected and undesirable may come.

Dr. Mitchell says that all this is intended, not as apology, but as explanation. He does not preach a doctrine of despair. We should try experiments in economic control, even if we do not yet know everything. "One of the best ways to increase knowledge is to apply what knowledge we have." In the long run, the problem is one of changing human habits in the desired direction. He clearly recognizes that the confusion is basically due to the freedom which every consumer, every worker, every business man, is supposed to exercise in economic affairs. This freedom is not so genuine as is often believed, because choices are frequently dictated by outside circumstances. But unless we are ready to modify the habit of individual choice in the interest of planning and order, we cannot design the economic machine. The engineers can help in the effort to alter this habit if they will hold before the public mind the great gap which lies between the poverty-stricken standards which a large part of the population now suffers and the wealth which the engineers stand ready to produce. They can also help if they will join with the economist in the effort to devise and apply techniques of control.

The very same problem which is thus attacked by the mechanical engineers with the help of Dr. Mitchell is also envisaged by the management engineers in the Taylor Society, who devote a special meeting to the subject. A memorandum for discussion prepared by the managing director of the Society, Dr. H. S. Person, sets forth a number of interesting propositions. There is an inconsistency between the basic principle of business enterprise—individual self-interest and intuition—and the basic principle of the technology which that enterprise now uses—coöperative integration. A similar inconsistency has many times been recognized as between business enterprise and the interest of society at large, and the recognition has led to many revolutionary schemes. But the new element in the situation, according to Dr. Person, is that principles of coöperative control have now actually been worked out and successfully applied in separate business enterprises. Could not these principles, which have been validated by experience on a small scale, be applied to society as a whole, through an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process?

Research, standardization, planning, control and coöperation are now recognized techniques within single enterprises—enterprises which sometimes include many units. But the good results of these methods are often nullified by the external forces operating on these concerns. Individual establishments are dependent on one another, in our complex society, to fully as great an extent as the parts of one enterprise are interdependent. But the external relationships are still determined largely by the unscientific, traditional and unplanned methods which good managers have discarded. The disharmony creates trouble. Well engineered units are afloat in a sea of traditional institutions which are not engineered, which operate only as the sum of a lot of individual hunches and profit grabbing.

Dr. Person's final proposition is that industrial society as a whole may succeed in a deliberate effort to introduce scientific management, by the following route:

> 1. Common recognition of the problem and analysis of its causes and consequences.
>
> 2. Voluntary establishment of some form of self-government in industry, dependent for its effectiveness on the acceptance by individual enterprises, for the common good, of the necessity for greater limitation to individual freedom in business activities than is at present assumed to be desirable.
>
> 3. Application of the principles of management developed and validated in the individual enterprise (as presented in the first of this series of propositions) to industry conceived as one vast enterprise in which all members of industrial society are workers and shareholders in common.

This seems to us as revolutionary a proposal as any that has previously been made. One would certainly have to have a good deal of confidence in the intelligence and self-restraint of those who now control American industries to suppose that any such program could be carried through. Dr. Person is, however, undoubtedly correct in stating that if it could be done, it would actually increase the opportunity for initiative, self-expression and accomplishment. It is interesting, above all, to see so clear a recognition of fundamentals on the part even of a small group of engineers. If there is any hope of our industrial society attaining its fullest possibilities without a drastic political change in control, that hope lies in travel along this route.

France Tries Again

FROM Paris comes an ingenious and plausible-sounding suggestion for coöperation between France and the United States in the economic sphere. It was first proposed by Premier Tardieu in a Thanksgiving Day address; but having, to his obvious disappointment, failed to receive the attention he thought it deserved, it has now been repeated in an article by Jules Sauerwein in Le Matin. The suggestion is a simple one: France and America now possess between them a large share of the capital available for foreign loans. They should act in concert to refuse such loans to countries which show signs of behaving in a belligerent manner. Thus the cause of pacifism would be greatly advanced: indeed, it is suggested that such a move-

ment is a natural, and non-political, extension of the Kellogg Pact into the realm of economics.

This idea, as we have suggested, has a reasonable sound; it has seemed attractive to no less clear-headed a person than Mr. Rollin Kirby, the brilliant cartoonist of The New York World. But in fact, this is merely a new and attractive disguise for a proposal which has been made over and over. Ever since the end of the War, France has been trying by one means after another to win the moral support of the United States. The French are well aware that the European system set up by the treaties of 1919 is a precarious one; that millions of people in several countries are opposed to it and may some day rise against it. They have done everything possible to fortify themselves without our aid; but they know that they would be enormously stronger if they could have America at their back.

M. Sauerwein, in fact, perhaps in contempt for the intelligence of the naïve Americans, perhaps led astray by his own eagerness, gives away the whole proposal by providing in his earliest article a list of the countries which are today to be considered belligerent and, therefore, excluded from further lendings by the United States, when he speaks of "the speeches of Mussolini, the German elections with their Hitlerian agitation, the doubtful activities of the Soviets and revolutions in South America. . . ." The South American revolutions are put in, no doubt, as sugar coating on the pill; M. Sauerwein's real concern is with Germany, Italy and Russia: Germany, which is increasingly restive under the reparations yoke; Italy, today France's chief foe, and a country which shows increasing signs of definitely aligning itself with the vanquished in the late War; Russia, which has been the object of bitter hostility by France ever since the revolutions of 1917. If by any miracle the American bankers or government could be persuaded to blacklist Germany and Italy (we may assume that Russia is regarded as being already in that category), France would have won a diplomatic victory of the greatest possible value. It would be a victory at the expense of England as much as anybody; and it would so completely overturn the present rough balance of power in Europe that it would increase the likelihood that the anti-French bloc would resort to war, despairing of getting justice in any other way.

If the proposed French policy were to be considered as retroactive, they themselves would be among those who must be criticized most sharply for activities in the post-war period. France has helped to subsidize at least four successive attempts to make war on Russia. France has made large loans to Poland and the members of the Little Entente, which were so directly for military purposes that, to a large extent, the form in which the credits were advanced was in French army uniforms, guns and ammunition. There has not been a war, or a threat of war, during the past ten years, in which France has not taken sides and supported to the best of her abilities the country whose victory, in the opinion of her political leaders, would redound to her advantage. In pointing out these facts, we should not wish to be considered as summoning France to stand alone before the bar of public opinion. Her policy has been dictated by what she considered the necessities of self-preservation. It has been paralleled by the acts of other powers. It has been a survival of a political system which, prior to 1914, was universal throughout the world and which has in fact survived into this era to a much greater extent than optimistic Americans suppose.

The harm that has been done to the world by international loans made for political purposes is written large on history's pages. Some of the evil effects are graphically set forth by Mr. Lawrence Dennis in his series of articles now appearing in The New Republic, and plenty of other instances will occur to every student of history. Some of them are described in Professor Herbert Feis's new book, "Europe, the World's Banker." The unwholesome financial relationship between France herself and the Russia of the Tsar during the decade before the War, based upon the Russian loans which were forced upon the French with the aid of wholesale bribery of leading Parisian editors, has cast its shadow over Europe to this day.

Readers of The New Republic hardly need to be told that its editors believe foreign loans should be made only on a basis of sound financial and economic principles; and it is entirely possible that such principles will in some cases coincide with what France now wants. Additional present loans to Italy or Germany, for example, may be questioned on these grounds. It may also be true that some sort of financial embargo against a power guilty of aggression may prove desirable as part of the long, hard struggle for the maintenance of peace; but no such action should be taken except by the world as a whole, and under conditions clearly prescribed in advance. We repeat: what M. Tardieu and M. Sauerwein propose is not a step toward enforcing peace; it is a step toward enforcing a French hegemony in Europe which makes war more likely the longer it is continued. With such an effort the United States should have nothing to do.

Enforcing Academic Freedom

PROFESSOR L. L. Thurstone has put forward, in The Journal of Higher Education, a plan for the defense of academic freedom, which is reprinted in The Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors for October. In brief, he proposes that the Association should prepare a list of institutions which, by virtue of the professional quality of instruction, academic standards and freedom of scholarly and scientific inquiry, are acceptable to it. Those holding professorial appointments in such institutions would be eligible to membership in the Association. Accept-

ance of appointment in institutions not on the list would automatically cancel such membership. Other scholarly and scientific societies, such presumably as the Modern Language Association or the American Historical Association should be invited to adopt similar rules.

The object of the proposal, as Mr. Thurstone explains, is to put teeth into the measures of the Association for safeguarding academic freedom. Hitherto the Association has responded to the challenge, offered by various institutions through the dismissal of teachers for exercising such freedom, by conducting fact-finding investigations into the several cases and publishing reports, admirable in fairness of tone and vigor of statement. These reports, however, have had no result except to direct public attention to the institution investigated and give it a severe warning. In some cases the institution has felt the implications of such action and has presumably mended its ways. An example is found in the recent case of the University of Missouri, which brought forth signs meet for repentance in the disappearance of the president responsible for the original outrage. In other cases, it may be surmised, the institution has merely learned the technique of removing teachers in ways of which the Association can take no cognizance. As Mr. Thurstone notes, seldom, if ever, has the dismissed teacher been reinstated. Under his plan the offending institution would forfeit its place in the accredited list until it had offered the teacher full reinstatement in his position with accrued salary. In the case of a student dismissed for like cause, the institution must offer reinstatement as the price of its readmission. Undoubtedly the proposal is a genuine contribution to the discussion of a vexing question, and will be fully considered at the next meeting of the Association. Meanwhile, a few observations occur to us in regard to its feasibility and probable success.

In the first place, it may be questioned whether the Association of University Professors by itself possesses the standing and influence necessary to make the plan effective. Certainly the concurrence of other learned societies would afford valuable support. But these societies may hesitate to involve themselves in matters of institutional politics. Membership in them is not confined to professors in colleges and universities. The American Chemical Society could hardly be expected to dismiss from its ranks a scientist of distinction who might be tempted by special opportunities for research to accept a position in a non-accredited institution.

A more serious objection arises. There are two types of conduct which involve the principle of academic freedom. One is that of research and teaching in fields which are properly those of scientific inquiry, such as natural or social science. In both fields, the consensus of authority might be counted upon to uphold the principle, in the case of a competent teacher, even in the face of disagreement as to his methods and results. In such cases as that offered by the University of Tennessee, Mr. Thurstone's sentence rings convincingly as a forecast of the success of his plan: "It can continue with any restrictions or superstitions it pleases to endorse, but it cannot command the services of scholars and scientists unless these men are willing to give up membership in their respective societies." Indeed, one may feel that in these cases the result sought will be achieved without establishing any new machinery toward the desired end.

The second type of conduct involves freedom of opinion, and concerns the responsibilities of a teacher as a citizen. Mr. Thurstone does not refer to such situations, but he doubtless has them in mind, as his inclusion of students under his league of defense indicates. These cases are likely to occur in powerful and leading institutions. The most notable in recent years was the dismissal of Professor J. McKeen Cattell from Columbia University for taking ground against the enactment of the Conscription Law. The action was so clearly an infringement of personal rights that it is understood that the University found it advisable to make a pecuniary settlement with Professor Cattell outside of court. But would the American Association of University Professors and the various learned societies drop Columbia from their accredited list pending reinstatement of a professor in a situation similar to Mr. Cattell's? The supposition is monstrous. And if the various societies excommunicated Columbia, would their action have any more effect than that of the Brooklyn Congregational Churches in expelling Henry Ward Beecher's church from their conference? It would doubtless be successfully used by President Butler in a new campaign for endowment funds. Even a revolt of Columbia professors against the dismissal of Mr. Cattell and others and the resignations of Messrs. Robinson and Beard left the position of the institution unshaken. Such leaders as Butler and Beecher are too strongly entrenched in wealth and the influence of wealth to be disturbed by a barrage of the intellectuals. On the whole, we should advise the American Association of University Professors to look well before it leaps.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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India Under the Lathi

LONDON will be in full dress, as these lines appear, for the Round Table Conference. I find it hard to guess how my readers regard it, for through three memorable weeks I have lived amid a nearly unanimous nation, which views it with disciplined despair. Ordinance follows ordinance. One after another, the houses in which the Congress has its offices are sealed and confiscated. The host who entertained you at dinner last night is in jail next morning. One loses count of the demonstrations broken up by the police, after a *lathi* charge on a peaceful crowd, which may end, like that in Bombay last week, in two hundred arrests, and eighty casualties that call for the surgeon's care. Trade is at a standstill and credit scarcely exists. Once in each week, and occasionally twice, a *hartal* is declared in these busy industrial towns. The mills close down, and in eight or nine shops in every ten the shutters go up. Throughout India there are 60,000 persons in prison for political offenses, and Bombay has more than its share. Most of them are in Class C—on a level, as to diet and conditions, with the lowest rank of criminals. In the big towns, under the eyes of European officials, some restraints are observed. In the villages among which I passed five days, every scruple is forgotten and in the areas which are resisting taxation peasants are beaten indiscriminately for no discoverable offense, unless it be the wearing of the white Gandhi cap.

In spite of all this immeasurable volume of suffering, danger and loss, the Hindu population in the Bombay presidency is all but solid for the Congress. One needs no evidence save that of one's eyes. For a rough guess I should say that two men in three wear the Gandhi cap, and I have passed through big villages in which only a stray scarlet fez on a Moslem head broke the monotony of white. There was once a moderate Liberal party in this province, conspicuous for the ability of its leaders: its adherents today are at most a few hundreds, and even they differ from the Congress rather over methods than aims. I met many of them at their chief center, Poona; they are as critical of the repression and as hopeless about the Conference as the partisans of the Congress, and decidedly more bitter, as men will be when the tide of the nation's life has surged past them.

How far the Moslems have been swept into this mass movement it is difficult for a stranger to judge. Those who have joined it are conspicuous in the van. They are given the posts of honor and danger, and seem to court arrest. At the legal club in Bombay I asked six Moslem barristers for an estimate; most of them guessed that in this province half the Moslem population is with the Congress, and one went even higher. A police inspector put the figure at one-third. All agreed that the younger, educated generation has ceased to follow the Ali brothers, and is weary of the religious feud. At their great university at Aligarh a debate in the Students' Union gave an overwhelming majority for the Congress. What startled me even more was to learn that the convocation of the Mohammedan clergy, a body elected from the whole of India, known as the Jamait-alulema, passed a resolution urging non-participation in the Conference. It is a highly conservative body, which thinks of Islam first and only afterwards of India, and yet it adopted the Congress attitude toward the Round Table.

Under coercion this nation grows daily more solid. It has ceased to discuss the doings of the Congress, for the Congress is doing nothing new. Everyone loathes the salt tax. Everyone condemns the drink shops, which are being picketed, for in this, at least, the two religions of India agree, that both forbid alcohol. In no country has the tax gatherer many friends, and assuredly no Indian blames the peasants who are resisting him. The boycott of foreign goods and especially of English cotton is as popular as it is successful. It is partly a tactic designed to bring us to terms, but it also answers to the widespread belief of Indians that the whole structure of trade which has grown up under British rule involves an immense exploitation. This economic nationalism marches in step with the ascetic idealism of Mr. Gandhi.

The business world of Bombay and Ahmedabad is in the main with the Congress, though it is suffering enormous losses. The wives and daughters of millionaire mill owners will put on the orange *sari* (scarf), and take their place among the pickets who watch the shops, and hundreds of these sheltered Hindu and Parsee women have gone, gladly and yet timidly, to jail. There is in all this some economic calculation, but even deeper than this motive rankles the wound which our social insolence inflicts on the pride of a singularly gentle and courteous race.

These activities of the Congress no one discusses: they are on the national agenda. It is on our doings that attention is riveted. Each new ordinance, each *lathi* charge, each arrest of a conspicuous leader, finds indignation tireless and alert. A busy industrial town will close its mills and its shops to protest against the arrest of Jawaharlal Nehru. Eight days later it will do the same thing again, to express its indignation at the sentence on him of two years and five months for a seditious speech. Of course the speech was seditious, but a hundred million Indians agree with every word.

Against this massive unanimity what can repression avail? It can, of course, make difficulties for the Congress. It was an open conspiracy, which did everything in the light of day. Truth is the cardinal virtue in Mr. Gandhi's gospel. The British are now driving it to organize underground. Its activity is unabated: at the most one notices some lack of coördination and authority. But the local volunteers go on: if we arrest their pickets, others are always ready to take their place. One may coerce a party, but not a nation.

No reasonable being would contend that a government, when negotiations failed, could sit passive in face of open, if non-violent revolt. But for the brutality of this repression there is no excuse. The stray acts of violence by Indians are negligible when one remembers the proportions of this movement. Even in the big towns, the *lathi* is now the invariable instrument for dispersing a crowd. Never in a long experience have I seen crowds so passive. They do not stand: they squat upon the ground, the women in one wing, the men in another, and so, motionless and silent, they listen to songs and speeches. Assuredly the speeches are seditious, but they are not incitements to disorder: indeed (for several that I have heard were in English) they invariably preach non-violence. In the interests of order there is, for a punitive dispersal of such crowds, no reason or excuse whatever. Indians resent physical brutality more hotly than we do. Their physique, to begin with, is slender and frail, nor have they been through the rough discipline of the old-fashioned English school. Save in some regions, they may lack aggressive martial courage, but they show amazing toughness when they steel themselves deliberately to face pain.

I will not argue that our conduct is shameful: I will take the lower ground that it does not work. It does not work because Indian society is based on a caste organization which has its own means of maintaining solidarity. In a village which I visited the other day, a general vow had been taken to refuse payment of the land tax until "Gandhiji" is released. The police descended on that village (a common procedure) and beat without mercy a number of the peasants. Two of them gave way—I saw their ugly bruises and wounds—and paid up. Their caste society thereupon met and fined them fifty rupees for their weakness, and passed a resolution that any man who flinched in the future must pay one hundred rupees. Such fines are enforced by the social and spiritual penalty of out-casting. Caste is no longer as vital an institution in the towns as it is in the villages, but even when it decays —and the sooner the better—it leaves behind it a tradition of solidarity and an amazing deference to social pressure. The *lathi* can exasperate. It can also disgrace us. It cannot smash the fine web of this Indian social organization.

Here, in India, the cables that tell of the preliminaries to the Conference seem an irrelevance. One cannot bring into a single picture this continent under coercion and the Round Table at which men will elaborate a charter of freedom. Indians levy their bitter wit impartially at the Labor government, which punctuates its dumb benevolence with *lathi* blows, and at the opportunists of their own race who have accepted its invitation. When a coolie in Bombay wishes to abuse another, he will say, "You'll soon be fit for the Round Table." For six, perhaps for ten, of these delegates, India retains personal respect. It will not follow even these. The men who will make its verdict are in British prisons. Without the approval of Mr. Gandhi, it is vain to expect that India will even discuss the constitution that emerges from the Conference, or consent to work it. He is saint and dictator at once. One finds his portrait in the huts of peasants who own nothing else, save their scanty clothes and their pots of brass. It must hang in every shop. It is sold at the fairs with the pictures that illustrate the legend of Krishna. By putting this man in prison, we have made him omnipresent.

There is only one thing that an honest observer can say. While this repression continues, the Conference is a waste of time. It is useless now to review the past—the criminal mistake of nominating the all-English Simon Commission; the silence of the home government, which has not yet indicated, even in outline, what it is prepared to concede; the folly of the terms which Mr. Gandhi and the Nehrus proposed last August. What lies behind us cannot be undone.

The problem remains of convincing Indians that we are sincere, but I have met no Indian, not even among the Liberals of Poona, who believed in this government's good faith. Would you believe, respected reader, that it was knitting its brows in an effort to confer dominion status upon you, if at the same moment its police had beaten your son and locked up your wife for hoisting the national flag in a Bombay park? Safeguards, checks, transitional arrangements—all these India will swallow, if we can convince her of our honesty. Oratory will not do it. There must be generous action. It is with an emotional people that we have to deal, keyed to a pitch of intense strain. A government which had courage and imagination would, even at this last moment, take a risk to create a new atmosphere. Only one thing will avail. The doors of our prisons must be flung wide open, and not to Mr. Gandhi alone, but to the whole sixty thousand. To bargain would spoil the gesture, but I think India has the chivalry that would respond. If we could but win three months of calm, it might make compromises that seem difficult and surrenders that tax the pride of either side surprisingly easy. The margin between us is not wide when one debates with Indians the details of a possible constitution. It is a chasm of distrust that divides us. We made it, first by our arrogant manners, and then by our *lathi* blows. We can bridge it only by a magnanimous deed.

Delhi, India. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Next Phase of the Power Fight

FAR FROM being chastened and instructed by their defeats in the recent elections, the allied utility interests are marshaling their forces, grimly determined to retain their ten-year grip upon the administration at Washington. Instead of yielding to the manifest public demand for more adequate regulation and a few more public-ownership yardsticks, the power trust's answer, if actions count, is a blank refusal to budge and a counterattack in the form of an attempt to have the courts repeal the Federal Water Power Act on the grounds of unconstitutionality. In this program it relies, with good reason, upon the continued support of President Hoover. There is no indication that misleading propaganda or corrupt tampering with politics and government is to cease.

The progressives of both parties, encouraged by their successes at the polls and the fact that the public is at last awakening to the significance of the power issue, but angered by the recklessly unfair and corrupt tactics of the utilities to encompass their defeat, are returning to the capital with their teeth set. Nor is their indignation being softened by what the administration has been attempting to do in their absence. The most spectacular conflict over power yet witnessed is in prospect.

In the foreground is Muscle Shoals, immediate storm center of the conflict over private vs. public ownership and operation of power sites, and quite likely to cause a final split in the Hoover administration. The facts regarding this great project are too well known to need repetition here. One outstanding thing, however, which is ordinarily ignored in discussion, should be noted. Muscle Shoals would long ago have been leased had not the private interests demanded a fifty-year contract on terms so unjust to the public that even Congresses devoted to private operation dared not deliver, in spite of all that Presidents Coolidge and Hoover could do. If Henry Ford or the Electric Bond and Share Company or the American Cyanamid Company had been even halfway fair to the public in their offers, Muscle Shoals would be under private operation today.

It is with ill grace, therefore, that the Hooverites charge Norris and his band with being obstructionists. They have prevented downright plunder. An aroused public opinion has doubtless put an end to the hope of private exploitation. The danger now is that certain Senators who have heretofore stood with Norris will join the reactionaries and pass a compromise Norris public-operation bill which will enable the power trust to capture the energy output of Muscle Shoals for private distribution on its own terms. The smashing of the preferential clause of the Federal Water Power Act by Secretary Wilbur in the distribution of Boulder Dam power sets a dangerous precedent which would be more widely invoked in the case of Muscle Shoals if such a bill should pass. But Norris will not yield. He demands the kernel with the shell.

Next in importance at the moment is confirmation by the Senate of President Hoover's appointees to the new independent commission to administer the Federal Water Power Act as provided by the Couzens bill passed last June. Disgust with nine years of farcical administration of the Act by ex-officio commissioners—the Secretaries of War, Agriculture and the Interior—is responsible for the change. The progressives are apprehensive and on guard. They are determined to have regulators who will respect the law and will regulate, and will not be mere side-partners of the private interests. It is certain that the appointees will receive a more searching scrutiny than recent nominations to the Supreme Court. The carefulness is justified. For one thing, billions of dollars' worth of inflated securities, on which the people must pay rates, are at stake. Already a bevy of eminent gentlemen are at work in Washington—not lobbying of course, certainly not—but urging upon Senators and Congressmen the names of certain men. It is the duty of Mr. Hoover to transmit to the Senate the name of every person recommending appointees to this commission. If the President does not do so voluntarily, the Senate should demand it.

Senator Couzens' bill for federal regulation of power-management corporations and holding companies engaged in interstate commerce will also come before this Congress. It covers a field over which state regulatory commissions have no jurisdiction. It proposes to control steam-generated electric energy, as well as that of water power. The proposal is none too drastic for the protection of the public against centralized control and inflated securities. Here again, billions are at stake; and here again, the private utilities are mustering all their forces to defeat regulation which means anything.

The importance of this bill is clearly revealed by the findings of the Federal Trade Commission, which, as directed by the Walsh resolution, steadily pursues its difficult task of uncovering the financial set-up of the power combine. Although the examination of the Electric Bond and Share Company and its subsidiaries and affiliates is only partly finished, already there is shown in this group a "write up" of over $400,000,000 on which the public is paying dividends. The group includes the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, which recently

absorbed the Alabama Power Company, chief beneficiary of Muscle Shoals if it is privately leased.

All signs point to a renewal of the conflict over the activities of the Federal Power Commission, as conducted by its acting chairman, Secretary Wilbur, by its executive secretary, F. E. Bonner, and Lieutenant Colonel M. C. Tyler, chief engineer, under general policies directed by President Hoover himself, which are based on the view that those provisions of the Power Act designed by conservationists to protect the public must be "interpreted" to enable private power interests to develop the nation's water-power resources. This has meant that applications for leases on power sites should be speedily granted and the required reports as to "net investment" in projects be rubber-stamped by the accounting department. At certain times, and from some people, not even a license has been required. The Mellon-Morgan interests are now operating a 200,000-horse-power plant on the New River in West Virginia, built without a permit. Moreover, the Power Commission has repeatedly refused to request the Attorney General to institute proceedings against the company.

From constructive evasion to outright violation of the Act is but a step, and this has in fact been attempted. During the absence of the "obstructive" Senate, Chairman Wilbur and Secretary Bonner have been frantically endeavoring to grant to the Appalachian Power Company a permit for an 80,000-horse-power project on this same New River, just over the line in Virginia, under a "minor part" lease which relieves the company of any federal regulation whatever. It is plain what such a precedent would do to the Water Power Act. Since the statute plainly requires a major license, imposing full regulation, legal interpretation became necessary. Chief Counsel Lawson and Solicitor Russell of the Commission refused to evade the law, whereupon the President was asked by Dr. Wilbur to obtain a ruling from the Attorney General. Mr. Hoover was obliging, likewise Mr. Mitchell. The English language was twisted, the intent of the law ignored, a minor-part license was found possible, and then, for good measure, the Power Act itself was practically admitted to be unconstitutional. Once this new license were signed, a precedent would be created which would force the issuance of "minor part" instead of major licenses in the future, and the reduction of existing major licenses to "minor part" licenses, with the net result that about 90 percent of the nation's power sites on navigable rivers would go out from under federal control.

Powerful opposition arose and it became politically dangerous actually to approve the license, so another tack was taken. On November 25, five days before Congress was to meet to confirm a new commission, the present Commission met, sidestepped its duty by taking no action and, in effect, gave an invitation to the power trust to begin construction without obtaining a license. Dr. Wilbur announced that the Commission would then be able to seek an injunction, and thus a "desirable" test would be made in the courts.

This astonishing move places upon the government the burden of sustaining the constitutionality of the Act and establishing the navigability of New River. Its attorneys would go into court with their hands shackled by the opinion of Attorney General Mitchell admitting unconstitutionality. Any lingering doubt that all this spells a conscious effort to scuttle the Power Act is dissolved by the administration itself in an official press release sent out last week, the first sentence of which reads:

> Control over water-power developments is declared to be primarily a responsibility of the individual states in the tenth annual report of the Federal Power Commission made public today by Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior and acting chairman of the Commission.

The basic principle of the Power Act is federal regulation, not state.

The power trust acted promptly on the Attorney General's opinion. The Clarion River Power Company of Johnstown, Pa., controlled by the Electric Bond and Share, had solemnly sworn to a net investment of $11,000,000 on its project. Chief Accountant King had just as solemnly reported, in effect, that $6,000,000 of this claim was sheer blue sky. Followed a plea for an injunction to restrain the Commission from determining the matter because, as is alleged, it has no legal authority; and lo! in section 9 of their petition we are informed that the Power Act is unconstitutional! The hearing will be held before Justice Hitz in the District of Columbia supreme court on December 8.

Many such acts could be cited, but these are sufficient to indicate why a Senate probe into the whole administration of the Power Act is in prospect.

Turning now to the struggle for control of Congress and public opinion, the situation compels the naming of the President as chief of the forces determined to give Muscle Shoals to a private lessee, to kill or hamstring the Couzens regulation bill, to block further investigation and to place five "safe" men on the new Power Commission. A lobby rivaling in size and strength the one sent to defeat the Walsh resolution and the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals bills at the session of 1927-1928—the largest since Roosevelt's day—is awaiting orders to go into action.

Permanently on the job here, but now speeding up his activities more than ever, is the genial Senator Josiah Newcomb, executive of the Washington office of the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations, through which the National Electric Light Association, voice of the electrical industry, chiefly functions in these parts. The United States Chamber of Commerce is also preparing a grand assault on Congress in support of the power inter-

ests' program. A special committee on national water-power policy has just made its report and its recommendations are being put to a referendum vote of the local Chambers over the nation. One proposal is that "the Muscle Shoals project should be sold or leased"; another strikes at public ownership; another hits federal regulation; another urges that public plants be put under the regulation of state commissions, and so on. Ballots are returnable by December 22. The result is foreordained; immediately after the holidays, when the Norris and Couzens bills will probably be at a critical stage, the allegedly united voice of business will be hurled against them. Watch for the headlines! If the small business men of the country knew just how power officials, also officials of the Chamber and in charge of its publications, have directed its power policy for several years past, the vote would be different and the decision less conclusive.

Then there is the national organization of State Public Utility Commissioners, which in recent years has strangely gone out of its way to oppose public ownership, federal regulation and even the Walsh resolution for an investigation of the power trust. In Charleston, in November, these officials passed a resolution which in effect opposed the Couzens bill for federal regulation, on the grounds that it might invade states' rights. The convention significantly omitted a proviso that it had no objection to federal regulation in fields where state commissions have no legal jurisdiction. But this action need surprise no one who recalls the Federal Trade Commission's revelations of the financial support which the regulator's organization receives from the National Electric Light Association.

The people's side of the contest will, of course, be defended by progressives of both parties, under the leadership of Senator Norris. A few liberal organizations and groups will be active; but, back of all, exists the power of the rapidly growing public opinion which spoke so decisively at the recent election and will speak still more decisively in the next.

Three conclusions stand out. First, the power interests are defiant of public opinion. They reject any regulation, state or federal, that they cannot control. They are determined to wipe out twenty-five years of achievement in conservation and to exploit water power henceforth in the same unhampered fashion used in regard to oil, coal, land, timber and other resources. The history of the railroads is to be repeated, with stock jobbing as a first concern and public service coming afterwards—if at all. Second, the Hoover administration has shown that it is just as hostile to effective regulation of private power companies as it is to public ownership. Third, there is good evidence that the influential portion of the public which for a quarter of a century has determined state and national policies in favor of regulated private, as against public, ownership is now quietly saying to itself that if the power trust continues its present tactics, public ownership is the only way out. Its decision will determine the future. That is why the power issue looms so large against the political sky of 1932 and why this Congress and the next are so crucial.

Washington. JUDSON KING.

"Sold" on Foreign Bonds

IV. *Bankers as Bond Salesmen*

AS POINTED out in the preceding articles, foreign government financing is a complex of two processes: governments spending more than revenues, and bankers selling bonds. This article is concerned with the selling process.

The significant act by which the investor becomes a lender is that of buying a bond. He buys the bond because he is sold a bond. The salesman makes the investor believe that a foreign bond of a given high yield is a safer investment than a domestic security promising the same yield. Whether the element of safety is as represented by the seller, time will tell. Foreign bonds, especially those of poor-credit countries, have always been sold largely to small investors, most of whom are among the investment illiterates. It has always been the widows, orphans and retired rentiers who have, in great part, been caught holding the bag.

In the earlier phases of our financial organization, money lending was usually done on short term by persons, legal or natural, who made loans of their own funds or of funds entrusted to them as agents. Money is still so lent by banks. This form of financing will probably never disappear under our present system, but its relative importance diminishes as governmental and corporate borrowers procure more of the funds they wish through the sale of securities. There are several important differences between financing by direct loans from the capitalist and his agent to the borrower, and financing through the sale of the borrower's paper to the capitalist by security merchants.

When a commercial bank lends to a borrower, it is lending chiefly the funds entrusted to it by depositors. But it is also risking the capital, reserve and surplus of the bank. Before the depositors lose, the owners of the bank must sacrifice their entire stake in the bank. The investment banker who sells

securities to investors does not risk his own money as an investor or as an agent of the investor. He merely runs a merchant's risk of not being able to resell at a profit the commodity which he has bought in wholesale quantity. Once sold, the bonds are solely the investor's risk.

The relationship between the bond-selling bankers and the public, or real money lenders, is not that of a banker to a depositor, of an agent to a principal, of a trustee to his *cestui* (the beneficiary of the trust). It is not a fiduciary relationship. It is the relationship of a seller to a buyer, of a horse trader in the market to his customer. Duress, fraud and deceit are barred by the common law, blue-sky laws and stock-exchange regulations; the sky is the limit so far as high-pressure salesmanship goes. The governing rule is, let the buyer beware.

Caveat Horse Buyer

A person who bought, twelve months ago, at the price of $130, a horse which has since developed defects making its present worth only $30, would stand a better chance in a suit against the horse dealer than an investor against a banker in a comparable case. (Anaconda Common was recommended and sold in the 'hundred-thirties to investors last year by one of the largest banking organizations in America. It is now selling in the low thirties.) The buyer of the horse might, conceivably, be able to show that some of the present defects existed in the animal twelve months ago and that they should have been known by the horse trader, an expert, and disclosed by him to the buyer, an amateur. But the banker is protected by the market appraisal of his commodity and his own innocence of falsehood and fraud. Creating an artificial market appraisal by market manipulations or propaganda is permissible for the banker, provided he does not make washed sales of securities or tell lies. Telling only a part of the truth is likewise permissible to the seller.

The difference between the price at which the banking syndicate buys foreign bonds from a government and the price at which they are sold to investors, or the "spread," covers a number of items, such as expenses, selling commission, and payments to government officials, members of their families or go-betweens, which the bankers call "commissions" and which the critics of the government call graft.

I could cite from personal knowledge numerous instances of large payments of graft by American bankers and contractors in connection with loans in various countries. These payments were made by some of the largest banking institutions in America and are typical rather than exceptional. Such practices in the United States would expose the responsible parties to prosecution and probably invalidate the contracts in whole or in part. The details only come out when, as in Peru or Brazil, the government is overthrown and the officials are brought to trial, or when, as in Italy, some of them are discredited by their superiors. Even then, the facts are kept out of the American press.

If the spread is large enough and the deal successful, there are profits for the participants. The amount of the spread depends on the difficulty of selling the bonds, the commissions and graft to be paid and the other necessary expenses. The poorer the bond, the wider the spread and the larger the profits for the bankers, if the bonds can be sold. The spread may be as small as one or two points or as large as seven or eight. The profit may be regarded as a fair compensation for the banking service of obtaining funds for a borrower and the mercantile risk and service of selling to investors a commodity they want to buy.

Small dealers, by reason of their more intimate and even friendly relations with their clients, feel a more personal interest in their financial welfare. This is something approaching the professional relationship, the attitude that keeps a physician from performing an unnecessary operation in spite of the fact that he can get paid for it. Such dealers at times have manifested objections to selling some of the more speculative foreign bonds. The big New York investment syndicate, however, usually forces small dealers to take and dispose of their quotas of speculative bonds under threat of "blacklisting" them for all future issues by members of the group. Dealers, of course, are given a great many excellent securities to sell along with the bad.

The investor, or real lender, knows, ordinarily, nothing about the borrower or the transactions beyond what he is told by the sellers of the bonds. These sellers' representations are carefully prepared by experts and passed on by lawyers to ensure their being within the law and as highly favorable as possible.

Blue-sky laws of numerous states governing the sale of securities within their jurisdictions usually exempt foreign government bonds. The exchanges, however, require for the listing of all securities the disclosure of much information, some of which might be enlightening to an expert. Investors rarely read stock-exchange listing applications, and few of them are experts.

Profits from Unsound Loans

Enough has been said to make it clear that profits from the traffic in foreign government bonds, and subsidiary operations which the investor does not know about, are the mainspring of the business. These profits do not necessarily depend on the soundness of the loans. Other incitements are political pressure by the government of the lending country and honors and distinctions within its power to confer on the bankers. The French government forced the French bankers from 1888 on to divert a steady stream of the savings of the French rentier into the financing of Russian deficits, misrule and preparations for war. Today French investors,

mostly people of limited means, hold $2,200,000,000 of repudiated Russian bonds, not counting interest arrears. The bankers who sold them this worthless paper are the richer in profits and honors for having done this patriotic financing.

Other governments, including our own, have promoted foreign government loans as instruments of national policy. The State Department, as is disclosed by its published correspondence, openly submitted Mr. Knox's loan projects for Honduras and Nicaragua to New York bankers. Our enormous loans to Germany afford the latest examples of the traditional alliance between diplomacy and international finance, of almost unvarying ill omen for investors and world peace.

How It Began

The present-day art of merchandising foreign securities had its initial development here during the Liberty and Allied bond-selling campaigns of the War. The American people, who lacked the instructive experience of the Europeans with bad government bonds, were introduced to government bonds—the world's best—under strong emotional and patriotic stimuli.

The bond merchants built up, during the late "new era," large selling organizations with heavy overhead expenses. These huge organizations required vast supplies of bonds to keep the salesmen busy. The bankers sent buyers to the far corners of the earth to persuade politicians to borrow and spend more American money. Economists, accountants, lawyers, college professors, experts of all sorts, were mobilized to prove the business sound. It was a borrower's market. The interests of bond sellers and political spenders coalesced. The interests of American investors and foreign taxpayers were usually without an effective advocate. The only limit to what politicians can spend is what they can get. It is easy to raise tax rates to cover increased debt charges, as long as good times last and the proceeds of the loans are being spent. Tax-bearing and debt-paying become onerous when further borrowing proves impossible and income is decreased by falling prices. The popular reaction is already seen in South American revolutions and Hitlerism in Germany.

The results abroad were higher taxes, bigger budgets, bigger deficits to be covered by bigger loans—all this regardless of costs, interest rates, discounts on issue price, ruinously expensive refunding operations or otherwise onerous terms. In Peru 5-percent bonds selling in the eighties were called at a hundred with new money from 6-percent bonds, which really cost the government 7 percent.

When, in 1927, Colombia found it could obtain from American bankers $25,000,000, it started projects to use up money at this rate; when it found the next year that it could obtain $35,000,000, it increased the number of projects. When it discovered, a year later, that it could place no further bond issues abroad, it was forced to abandon scores of jobs, throw thousands of men out of work in the midst of an economic depression and lose a good part of the material and work done on the unfinished projects.

Conceivably a yearly program of $10,000,000 for additional public works could reasonably have been envisaged for a short period of years, while certain carefully studied projects were being completed. Or, possibly, one or two projects might have warranted the expenditure of $60,000,000 for completion within the extremely short space of two years. Certainly no one was justified in supposing for a moment that Colombia could go on borrowing at the rate of $35,000,000 a year until the hundred-odd projects begun could be finished. The same planless folly characterized the financing in other countries, notably Peru and Bolivia.

The bankers required no adequate program or adherence thereto. They bought bonds to sell while the selling was good. They stopped buying bonds when the selling ceased to be good. They were all highly reputable firms. They acted legally. They are subject to no legal sanction or moral censure in the present state of our law and ethics. They sold goods at the market price without fraud, as fraud is now commonly defined by the law.

Competitive merchandising developed a technique of advertising and selling, which, although well within existing laws and ethical standards, was calculated to facilitate the sale of poor securities at absurdly high prices. The technique consists in emphasizing the apparent, though often unreal, merits and concealing the defects of the security. The public was educated to judge government bonds by unscientific standards. To expose the innumerable tricks of this trade would fill a large volume. Only a few suggestive indications as to credit factors affecting government bonds may be given in this article.

Learning the Worst

The following are a few points about which the investor should know the worst:

The full credit history, including all defaults with reasons for their occurrence.

Present and recent unsound fiscal practices, such as an unbalanced budget and growing floating debt, extravagance and widespread graft, etc.

Present unfavorable economic trends. Every authority has known for the past three years that world production of staples such as wheat, coffee, sugar, cotton, copper and tin, on which South America depends for its debt-paying capacity, has been running ahead of consumption. Everyone has known that stocks of these staples have been accumulating and that, in many instances, such as Brazilian coffee or Peruvian and Chilean copper, prices have been artificially maintained.

The present status of the currency, bank-credit structure and exchange. Are there growing inflation, slow payment of commercial collections, frozen loans in the banks and a falling or artificially pegged ex-

change? These conditions were notoriously prevalent in several South American countries two years ago as I observed at that time while traveling through them.

True, economics is not as exact a science as mathematics, but neither is it black magic. Unsound conditions are perceptible. Disasters are foreseeable like breakdowns in the human body. The moment of occurrence and course of development cannot be accurately predicted, but the trends are always susceptible of objective diagnosis.

Propheteers and Profiteers

The trouble has been that during the late "new era" a security-selling, vested interest in Wall Street has suppressed effective critical analysis and encouraged a speculation-crazed public to believe the impossible about the future prospects of every field from which securities could be profitably sold. Washington has aided Wall Street with this "come-on" propaganda. The investors who were "sold" during this period are now holding the bag of depreciated and still shrinking values because of their faith in the prosperity propheteers of Washington and the speculation profiteers of New York.

Emphasizing apparent and unreal elements of strength in a bond issue is the second part of the selling technique. A common representation that is highly misleading states the number of times the revenues cover the service charges of the bonds or of the public debt. The number of times the net revenues of a railway, after operating expenses are paid, equal its bond charges is a significant figure. But the number of times certain or all revenues of a State cover the charges on one or all of its outstanding bond issues is a ratio of no significance whatever. The reason is that this absurd "coverage" ratio leaves entirely out of account the fact that a government, like a railway, must pay operating costs before it can pay bondholders.

The untruthfulness implicit in this general type of representation, ingeniously worded by clever lawyers, is at times especially shocking. The gross receipts of a State often include many items which never reach the treasury as revenues, or which, like custom-house bonds and deposits, must be refunded. Many items are only bookkeeping entries. New York bankers have represented figures including these items as revenues pledged to cover bond charges. If a State-owned enterprise has a gross revenue of a million and operating costs of nine hundred thousand, the only revenue available to pay the bondholder is, of course, one hundred thousand. If operating costs are a million, then, obviously, the revenues that interest the bondholders are zero. In each case the New York bankers put the revenues at a million. When they cite as security for a loan the gross revenues of a State tobacco monopoly, they disregard the patent fact that these receipts can never possibly be available to the State, since out of them must first be paid the costs of materials and their manufacture into cigars and cigarettes, as well as the costs of distribution to customers. These artful representations are found in a number of South American bond circulars, notably those of Peru and Colombia.

A large Brazilian bond issue was secured by the gross revenues of the Central Railroad of Brazil, which has never earned its operating expenses. The State must really pay these bond charges out of taxation, just as it pays the operating deficit of the railway. The State would be better able to pay bond charges if it did not own and operate that railway. Fiscally speaking, the railway is as little an asset to the State as a public almshouse.

A public loan can have only one of two elements of security: the will and capacity of taxpayers to pay, or the proved capacity of a piece of property to earn, over and above operating costs, an amount equal to loan charges. This being true, it follows that the most important data for the bondholder relate to the balancing of the budget. By balancing the budget I do not mean balancing one budget with revenues, while one or more other concurrent budgets are balanced partly or entirely with borrowing or debt. In this genial and habitual way, any one budget can be balanced without a deficit or with any surplus desired, regardless of the amount by which total expenditures may exceed total revenues. Fictitious budget surpluses of this variety have been widely advertised by the bankers. The statement as worded by a clever lawyer is usually true, but it is not the whole truth.

When a government borrows through a bond issue, it should at once increase taxation to meet the service charges on the new bonds and, obviously, all the costs of government. It should then spend no more than revenues plus the amount it has thus soundly borrowed. It is assumed, of course, that the necessary tax increase can be borne by the people. The willingness and ability of the people constitute the only rational measure by which to limit further borrowing. Determining the limits of willingness and ability to pay more taxes obviously involves consideration of innumerable controlling factors.

Useless Facts

Irrelevant statements about the natural wealth of the country or the peculiar charms of the loan contract are almost always misleading. Information which does not show that the people will probably be willing and able to pay enough in taxation to run the government, and to pay bond charges in addition, without impairing their standards of living, is irrelevant and immaterial. The number of square miles in Brazil, the quantities of wheat exported from the Argentine, copper from Peru or Chile, petroleum from Colombia or manufactured goods from Germany are data which by themselves are utterly insignificant. These data have an important place in a competent economic survey of

the country; hurled at the investor as so many factual statements in a bond circular, they serve mainly to mislead the economically illiterate.

What the Investor Wants to Know

Especially deceptive are manifold varieties of sinking funds and other complicated devices supposed to ensure the gradual paying off of individual bond issues. If the government is borrowing more new money each year through new loans or increases of the floating debt than it is paying off through these mechanisms, they only serve to make business for bankers, augment the costs of financing and mislead the public. There can be no amortization of the public debt except by the amount it is reduced out of a surplus of revenues over expenditures.

The intelligent investor does not care a straw about a sinking-fund provision through which his bond may be paid at some unknowable date, determined by drawings by lot, within twenty-five or fifty years, except as a gambling proposition when he has bought the bond below par. Obviously, the sooner a bond bought at 90, say, is drawn and paid off at 100, the bigger the speculative profit.

The intelligent investor is concerned over two, and only two, things about his bond: First, the prompt payment in gold of his semiannual interest coupons; secondly, the possibility of being able to sell his bond in an open and free market for more or less what he paid for it, at any time he may need the money. Such salability and market price, in normal times, depend almost exclusively on two factors: the current interest rate and the credit standing of the borrowing government at the moment. They do not depend in the least on provisions in the loan contract for the supposed benefit of the bondholder.

British and American war loans, always unsecured, usually without obligatory amortization and with freedom for the government to amortize when and as possible out of a genuine surplus—such loans have been good loans for a century. Hundreds of bond issues of other governments have gone into default although called loans for public works, or productive, secured, compulsory sinking-fund loans, and although replete with special covenants for the protection of the bondholders. This proves most conclusively that British and American national finances have been soundly conducted and that, so far as creditors are concerned, little else really matters about any nation's loans or public credit.

Lawrence Dennis.

In his concluding article, which will appear in next week's issue, Mr. Dennis will discuss international finance in its relation to our export surplus and prosperity and also as an instrument of national policy. He will conclude the article by suggesting various methods for regulating the traffic in international securities to protect the interests of society and investors.—The Editors.

Will Hays, Himself

WILLIAM HARRISON HAYS, he was christened. This was not, as many suppose, in memory of the hero of Tippecanoe and ninth President of the United States, although it is true that the boy often heard it said that he would be President some day. He was named for his grandparents, William Cain and Harrison Hays. He did not become President, in spite of maneuvering for the nomination in 1920, but he ascended to a post, as "czar" of the motion pictures, which paid him twice as much as the Chief Executive receives; and his employers insured his life for two million dollars.

Hays soon reduced the Harrison in his name to a mere initial; he even thought there was "something hifalutin and ostentatious about William." To recall this is a little odd, in connection with his recent serious endeavor to substitute, for the slang "talkie," the phrase "auricular film," surely hifalutin and ostentatious.

Born of Scotch-Irish parents in the village of Sullivan, Indiana, Hays entered the Presbyterian Church there, won a medal for Sunday-school attendance and in his boyhood pumped the church organ at a stipend of ten cents per service. His father had been a lawyer and an elder; the son became a lawyer and an elder. He was well versed in the Bible, he avoided profanity, he did not smoke or chew tobacco. Despite his admirable habits, he did not take on weight or come by his inches as he might: full grown he was but two inches above five feet, but fifteen pounds above one hundred.

It has been said of Emerson that he lived at large in his clothes. We may be sure that Hays did nothing of the sort. He was early distinguished as Sullivan's nattiest dresser. He was alert, up-and-coming, self-confident, unafraid. His manner was friendly and candid. Such was the surface personality behind his exceptional political and business successes.

Most of us employ the word personality a little loosely. It has come into its modern usage since Hays was born, fifty-one years ago. It is true that Wycliffe, six centuries ago, found it serviceable—and so far as I know he was the first—in designating the qualities peculiar to human beings as distinct from lower categories of the animal world. (Shakespeare seems not to have known it.) In

early theological writings it was thought that personality was an aspect of Deity, but the early eighteenth-century German writers, alluding to the great in their firmament, uttered the word with a certain awe—*Persönlichkeit,* a Personality! After 1910, thanks to the motion picture and to writers like Elinor Glyn and Warner Fabian, the word has been vulgarized to mean only sex appeal. Personality was "It"; whatever its sense, Hays had it.

That Hays is dapper, vocative, ingratiating, may give the impression that he is a fop and a city slicker. He is neither. He is distinctly indigenous to Indiana; for all his worldliness he still smacks of the small town. But his active, adroit and flexible intelligence, his predilection for lyric evangelism, his nervousness, energy and insatiable appetite for activity, his Napoleonic "complex" (as some Freudulent observers put it), his sanguine outlook, must be taken into account in examining his career. We cannot explain him as a "dynamo of energy," or as a "mountain of hypocrisy," or as a "nitwit." These phrases, which have come often to my ear, seem to me valueless here. It is true that he speaks contemptuously, in Tennysonian allusion, of "lotus-eaters"; yet he works no harder than Herbert Hoover, who is as phlegmatic as Hays is restless. His remarkable belief in himself, indeed, his power of inspiring his associates and subordinates with this faith, go far to explain the bases of his success.

Being indigenous to Indiana, Hays, when he was sixteen, saw William McKinley nominated for the presidency, and was enmeshed in Sullivan County politics before he was of voting age. He became chairman presently of the Indiana Republican State Central Committee; and he was discussing Walt Whitman in an Indianapolis restaurant with Meredith Nicholson, early in 1918, when he was summoned to the long-distance telephone to be told that he had been chosen national chairman. That lyric evangelism of which I have spoken cropped out in an article he wrote, while chairman, for The Saturday Evening Post. It was called "Patriots of Peace," and was a plea that all good men come to the aid of the party, even though the fever of the War had been replaced by cynicism and boredom:

> Listen for a moment, listen with eyes aloft, listen to the voice of experience and the call of inspiration from the spirit of America which was Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt—listen and hear from them the call: Carry on, Americans! Carry on! Carry on! Carry on, now, against the foes of our own household as you fought at Valley Forge, at the Argonne and at Chateau-Thierry. Carry on! Carry on! Find dishonesty if there be dishonesty and crush it; find the right and cleave unto it

An inquisitive Senate committee found dishonesty in the transfer of the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve to Harry F. Sinclair, and sought to crush it. Hays had been an intimate of Sinclair and his attorney; the inquisitive Senators asked, in effect: Did you find the right and cleave unto it in regard to Sinclair's campaign contributions? Hays was thrice a witness. In 1924 he said that Sinclair had given to the committee, to help meet its deficit from the 1920 campaign, $75,000. He was sure that was the maximum. The committee, investigating Sinclair's distribution of Liberty Bonds, some of them to Albert B. Fall, who had signed the fraudulent Teapot Dome lease, early in 1928 called Hays again. He now read a prepared statement saying that Sinclair had given only $75,000 outright, but that he had lent the committee $185,000 worth of Liberty Bonds in addition. Yes, he had turned over the whole $260,000 in a batch to Hays, some six months before his first testimony; and yes, only $100,000 of it had been repaid; he had paid it out of his own pocket. Yes, Sinclair had, it was true, returned $85,000 to Hays, feeling that he ought not to suffer this setback, because he had lost heavily in the stock market. As a fact, he had lost heavily in Sinclair Consolidated stock.

A month later, biting his lips until they bled, Hays took the stand again, and admitted that he had sent $50,000 of the Sinclair Liberty Bonds to Andrew Mellon, who had cagily sent them back but had given the committee his check for $50,000; he had sent another batch to John T. Pratt, oil millionaire, who had given a similar check; other batches had gone to William M. Butler of Massachusetts and to Fred Upham in Chicago.

As chairman of the Republican National Committee, Hays was credited with the overturn which in 1918 returned a Congress hostile to Woodrow Wilson, although there were some who ungraciously attributed the result to Wilson's injudicious demand that the nation hold up his hands. As chairman, Hays was credited with the landslide which put Warren Gamaliel Harding into the White House by the biggest majority ever given to a candidate up to that time. To do this cost more than $8,000,000, and of this $1,200,000 was "a large hangover," as Secretary of the Treasury Mellon called it. Just before the Calvin Coolidge campaign in 1924 there remained $520,000 of this deficit, which must be cleared off, it was felt, lest it prove a handicap. Fred Upham, treasurer of the National Committee, agreed to raise half, and Hays half; it was thus that the $260,000 of Sinclair bonds came into the picture.

Not even the myriad violent detractors of Hays can deny that he worked whole-heartedly for Harding, although he himself had hoped that the deadlocked convention at Chicago would turn to him. As chairman, he had to mind his step in seeking the nomination; what he did had been told in part in a letter written to Harding, three days after he was chosen in a two-A. M. hotel-room meeting at Chicago, from John T. King of Connecticut, now dead. King was then national committeeman and attended the convention as the spokesman of Boies Penrose, who was ill. All informed political writ-

ers, I think, knew that Hays hoped to be standard bearer, and all give him credit for working enthusiastically for Harding. His immediate reward was a place in the Cabinet, as Postmaster General, and there, too, he shone. He effected a complete reversal of the violent public antipathy which had grown out of Albert Sidney Burleson's bigoted and tyrannical administration of the department.

While Hays was Postmaster General, the motion-picture industry was rolling up a large liability of public resentment and disfavor. Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle had been banished from the screen after the death of Virginia Rappe; there were stupid censorships in half a dozen states; the Federal Trade Commission was investigating Famous Players-Lasky; there was the active threat of federal regulation, such as was exercised over other public utilities; the salacity and recklessness of the pictures were being denounced everywhere; revenues were falling off. Nine leading producers decided that what they needed was a dictator: look what Kenesaw Mountain Landis had done to rehabilitate the baseball racket after bribery was uncovered there.

Herbert Hoover, Hiram Johnson and Will Hays were considered for the post. It was suspected that the then Secretary of Commerce wouldn't prove propitious for the kind of pictures contemplated; it was felt that Hiram Johnson suffered from propinquity to Hollywood. What the industry needed was a political manipulator, façade of respectability, impresario and propagandist. Will Hays was the man.

I remember how devoutly Harding and Hays debated as to whether Hays could best serve his country as Postmaster General or as dictator of the length of a celluloid kiss. It was purely a matter of service, of course; for as Postmaster General he got $15,000 a year, whereas, beginning at the bottom of the movie industry, so to speak, he would get $100,000. It was months before the President announced, with urbane regret, the impending loss of his Cabinet member. Hays took the new post precisely one year after Harding entered the White House, and there is a story that he rode to his movie office in an automobile which was the duplicate of the White House limousine.

One of the early moves Hays made was to revoke the ban against Arbuckle pictures. "Every man," he said, "in the right way and at the proper time, is entitled to his chance to make good. . . . I neither sponsor him nor stand in his way, but in the spirit of American fair play, and I hope of Christian charity, I propose that as far as I am concerned, he can have his chance." He had no apology to make for Arbuckle, "but I am sure that . . . you will not be unmindful of the words of Him who first taught us to forgive."

Perhaps Arbuckle would have fared better without this outburst of piety. Certainly there was an instant and ominous public protest. No one supposed that Arbuckle was any worse than many other movie stars, and certainly his comedies were a rich asset to the industry. But Hays suffered in this move his first serious setback at the hands of his audience. It was disappointing. "Fatty" was a Baptist and a good Republican.

In Massachusetts results were better. Hays had faith in Massachusetts. Even before he became "czar," Calvin Coolidge, as Governor, had vetoed a bill for the regulation of the motion pictures. Subsequently, as President, he pleased Hays still further by telling Washington correspondents (in his droll disguise, now obsolete, of "White House Spokesman") that he disapproved pending congressional measures for movie regulation, because he thought such matters should be left to the states. This was sound states' rights doctrine as enounced by good Jeffersonian Democrats. But the incident which further bolstered Hays's faith in Massachusetts resulted from the passage of another regulatory act, which was approved by the successor to Coolidge. This was put to a referendum, and wiped out by a vote of five to two. Said The Exhibitors' Trade Review:

> Although he would be the last man in the world to claim credit for this unprecedented success, those familiar with the situation know that the author of this plan and the guiding genius behind it was Will H. Hays. Throughout the campaign, Mr. Hays was in close touch with what was going on. The Hays organization was represented on the scene of action by Charles J. Pettijohn and others of the Hays lieutenants, and the effectiveness of their work has already been reflected in the sweeping victory at the polls. . . . [The victory] is the product of his marvelously successful experience as a practical political organizer.

Marvelously successful! That was the kind of praise Hays must have if he were to justify his pay of $150,000 a year, which he was soon getting. And he did help bring about the defeat of regulatory bills, called censorship bills, in more than a score of states. Moreover, his office spoke of the motion-picture industry as fourth or fifth or sixth or seventh—it receded as time went on—in magnitude. (In Harper's for September it was called fourth, and in Scribner's a writer spoke of it as third.) The Department of Commerce has never listed it as even among the first thirty industries, and cannot find more than twelve thousand employes, although the industry claims a personnel of 250,000. Well, the industry also asserts that 150,000,000 persons pay weekly to see the movies, but I have made the most painstaking inquiries and have found that the right number is less than thirty-five millions.

Space is lacking here for an examination of the methods by which Hays has enlisted the backing of preachers and clubwomen, and has set up a pretense of "censorship within" the industry. Milton himself has not denounced official censorship more vigorously than Hays:

> Political censorship made Plymouth Rock; political censorship faced the minute men at Concord Bridge; political censorship caused the Boston Tea Party. But there is one time and one place only where the evils can be eliminated and the good and great advantages of the motion pictures retained, and that is when and where the pictures are made. And it can be done there and then, make no mistake about that. There is no zone of twilight in the matter. Right is right and wrong is wrong. . . . The corrections *can* be made. . . . It is primarily the duty of the producers to do it.

Colonel Jason Joy, one of the Hays lieutenants, says that Hays has "all the power in the world over the screen." Former Governor Carl E. Milliken of Maine, another lieutenant, denies that Hays has any arbitrary authority whatever. Says Hays: "A czar, a dictator or a prize-fight referee! No, I am an adviser only." He has under his hand, whether as adviser or as dictator, an industry which affects to a greater extent than any other the thought and the standards of the American mass. He has exercised his authority to delete some disrobing scenes, throw less glamor about romantic criminals and clip short certain sweet sacred hours. There are still couch ravishments and semi-naked dances and violence, but the code of ethics of the business forbids the exhibition of pregnancy or childbirth, even in profile, and no picture may be shown of children's sex organs. It is so ordered.

Nearly nine years after taking charge of the motion pictures, Hays has still a lot to accomplish, and his present contract has more than six years to run. He is in the position of a man trying to bail out the sea with a milk bottle. When he thinks he has accumulated a nice little pool of clean water he looks back and still sees a Caliban ocean, a "monstrous, shambling sea," a "humped and fishy sea." For the essential fishiness of the industry (essential because of the kind of men who have gravitated to the top of it), Hays is blamed. Everyone who sees a suggestive or demoralizing movie blames him. The producers blame him for every threat of adverse legislation and for every legal action which argues that their Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Hays is president, is an illicit combination. To right and to left of him guns volley and thunder. Even trade periodicals have attacked him violently.

Hays persists smilingly and confidently in his announcements that he is reforming the industry. He is indigenous to Indiana, shaped and molded by the Protestant Presbyterian Church, by American politics and now by the industry he heads. Evangelism is one of his weapons. Discussing New England reformers (for in that far day New England did breed reformers), Emerson said that "society gains nothing, whilst a man, not himself renovated, attempts to renovate things around him; he has become tediously good in some particular but negligent or narrow in the rest; and hypocrisy and vanity are often the disgusting result."

SILAS BENT.

Washington Notes

Crashing the Front Page—The Extra Session and How to Avoid it—Bulkley vs. Morrow—That Wickersham Report

NOW THAT the short session has fairly started, it is possible to see a little more clearly ahead. The temper and disposition of the alleged leaders of the various parties and factions can be better assayed than before the gavels fell, and an idea of what really is in their so-called minds obtained. Before the opening day there was a grand chance for the individual statesman to get his share of publicity by formulating a "program" and promulgating "views." In the absence of any other news, what the early arriving Senators and Representatives had to say about the election, its effect and the future, got front-page space which it could not possibly command with Congress actually in session. There was scarcely a man who did not take advantage of the chance, and some heretofore completely obscure got right into the leader rank so far as the press was concerned. This was due entirely to those inexorable laws of supply and demand which regulate the newspaper business as well as most others. But now it is quite different. The legislative mill has begun slowly to turn and there is more news than there is space to print. I do not mean that even now a lot of stuff will not be telegraphed out of here that is not news at all, but to a very large extent the values have changed and the purely press-agent stunts do not make the grade in the way they did two weeks ago.

As things stand today, I am swinging away from the notion that an extra session will be difficult to stave off, notwithstanding the pre-session pronouncement of the solemn Mr. Walsh of Montana that in the interests of the country one should be had. I do not find many Democrats, and certainly no regular Republicans, who agree with the Great Investigator. On the contrary, most congressmen are very well convinced that an extra session is a thing to avoid if they can—and they think they can. Also, it is my belief that the burning desire of some of the Progressives to have the Seventy-second Congress take hold just as soon as the Seventy-first Congress expires is not burning so fiercely as before. Of course, there are some Senators of all political complexions—including many of those recently elected for a six-year term or so secure in their seats that they need not bother about local conditions—who personally like to see Congress in practically continuous session. To these Washington is vastly more attractive than home. They like the life. They like the "atmosphere." They dote on the publicity. They just like to stay here. What encourages me, however, to think that even among these confirmed Washingtonians the talk about an extra session is beginning to have a hollow sound, are the plain signs that the sentiment of the country is pretty generally unanimous against one.

Before the end of the session my guess is that the distaste of the business interests generally for a continuance of legislative activity through the eight months from March to next December will be effectively felt by the politicians on both sides. Of course, the Hoover administration needs

no such incentive to opposition. An extra session is the last thing the unfortunate Mr. Hoover wants on his hands again. Last year's experience was enough for him. As for the Democratic Committee management, as represented by Messrs. Raskob, Shouse, et al., they are very thoroughly sold on the idea that the policy of their party should be to commend itself to the conservative East rather than the radical West. To this end, they no longer look with the favor of last year upon alliance with the Progressives. On the contrary, they are apparently genuine in their "coöperation" plan so far as the appropriation bills are concerned. Obviously, the only thing that can force the call of the new Congress will be the failure of these bills. Astute leaders say that, regardless of camouflaged filibusters and legislative jams, this can be avoided by the simple expedient of passing a "continuing resolution." Such a resolution would have the effect of a bill. It would continue for a year all the governmental appropriations now in force. This has, I am told, been done before, and the government found no difficulty in "carrying on." It can certainly be done again.

At any rate, such is the idea up the capacious sleeves of some of the administration political advisers—an idea, of course, not to be pulled out except in case of emergency and in the last stage of the proceedings. Such a resolution, it is held, would constitute in an emergency a simple and sincere test of the Democratic "coöperation" pledges. It all sounds reasonable, and I think the prospects of its working out without recourse to the resolution are fairly good. However, I have so often seen situations thus satisfactorily arranged in advance go completely to pieces under pressure that I am taking no bets and offering no odds that this arrangement will succeed. If there were a little more strength and intelligence about administration political leadership, I should have more confidence, but there has been extremely little in the past and the most optimistic cannot say that the promise of the future is for much improvement.

Prohibition will permeate this session as it did the last, only more so. It will come up in a number of forms and will be the cause of more passionate debate than any other issue. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Morrow puts in his repeal proposal soon after he takes the oath, or whether, being a conservative and conciliatory gentleman, he regards it as best not to add to the troubles of a choked-up session like this by injecting a subject which cannot be acted upon but will consume time. My advice, however, would be for him to get it in early and let it ride. If he does not, I have reason to suppose that the new Wet statesman from Ohio, the Democratic Bulkley, will muscle right in ahead of him. Mr. Bulkley having succeeded to the short term as well as the long, took his seat at the same time as Mr. Morrow. Elected by the Wet vote and with a clearer mandate from the Wets to urge repeal than anyone else, I think Mr. Bulkley is apt to act with considerable speed if he gets his chance. The more or less wide mention of him as a possible presidential candidate will serve as an incentive, I think, for Mr. Bulkley to be on his mark. It usually does have that effect.

There have been two rather interesting developments in this vicinity since last week along prohibition lines. One of them is the well authenticated rumor that the Wickersham report, instead of being ready for submission in December, will not be finished until some time in January. There will be, of course, demands from both sides to end the delay. There will also be further "leaks" as to the recommendations. I do not, however, think the Commission will permit itself to be forced, and I have lost faith in the information from the leaks. The other development was the flat declaration of Senator Robinson of Arkansas against repeal. In view of the general disposition to consider the Democratic party as having swung clear over to the Wet side, and particularly in view of Mr. Robinson's presidential aspirations, his declaration slowed up the repealers quite a little. It makes you recall that the bulk of the Democratic strength is still in the South and that the South is still by no means ready to accept a repeal platform, though it may accept a repeal candidate. There is at least a technical difference.

Washington. T. R. B.

Scarlet Sister Mary

Scarlet Sister Mary, dramatized by Daniel Reed from the novel by Julia Peterkin. Ethel Barrymore Theater, November 25, 1930.

MISS Ethel Barrymore's long expected production of "Scarlet Sister Mary" turns out to be one of those characteristic theater events that appear from time to time and are only perplexing and embarrassing. It is clear that Miss Barrymore, reading the novel, saw in it a rich possibility and made up her mind to bring it to the stage. That was in its way a noble intention. It is equally clear that, having got it to the stage, she was both unwilling and unable to let it be itself.

Mr. Daniel Reed has done better by his novel than most dramatizers do. There is at least no sign of callow indifference on his part to the quality of Mrs. Peterkin's work. The course of Si May-e is necessarily hurried up and telescoped as it is being converted into a play; much of the fertile and warm atmosphere is lost, and the end, at least as we get it in Miss Barrymore's production, falsifies the main content or theme of the book. You may make, if you like, a sort of Pilgrim's Progress out of this story of a Gullah woman, sinning with her lover before their marriage, bringing him a child, being deserted by him, mourning him, and finally taking to other men, pleasuring herself with love and with children, seeing her first born leave her to join his father and return to die, and her daughter bring from town a child for Si May-e to say is her own, turning her husband out of the house when, after twenty years, he comes back, closing her son's eyes in death, and finally promising, after a fashion, that the deacon and the church members will see how she quits her sinful life. But, as we may see clearly enough in Mrs. Peterkin's story—if we note that episode with Andrew the blacksmith, and if we mark her holding on to the love charm in that very last paragraph—this great resolution is made with the novel's tongue in its cheek, as it were: Si May-e's life and ways will change in time no doubt, but not so suddenly as all that. For a while she will remain the goddess of fecundity, simple nature and abundance of life, and afterward she will be the

goodness and humanity and soul of these things. This is part of the basic truth of the book.

You could see that real effort had been expended on the settings, which, though without much atmosphere, were ahead of the average stage provision, and that the company had been led to do some work. It was all finally absurd. The company, in which were Miss Estelle Winwood—whose mere return to the stage at least is much to be thankful for—and Miss Barrymore's daughter—whose first appearance on the stage this was—were all little more than honest people trying to do black-face; and in fact for a while during the first scene there was a sort of excitement in seeing who would come next and how. For a colored play given by the Sunday-school members at their strawberry supper, it might have passed. And yet this is not fair, for there was no little technical expertness among the actors and a degree of effort to talk the Gullah dialect, of which we got but odd hints now and then. Watching them, I was obliged to wonder, however, what it is in an actor who is a passable actor otherwise that prevents him from watching a Negro's movement and gesture and getting at least a mechanical trace of it, and how such an actor can have an ear at all and not be able to teach himself a few elisions and low, open-throated tones and cadences. As for Miss Barrymore, she seemed to have a few moments of humility in the first scene, where she touched on Negro sounds and movements and after that a few bits of dialect or physical relaxation. After that for the most part she played her own way. Sometimes by virtue of her sincerity, beauty and magnetism she achieved moving and dramatic moments, taking her as herself and the play not as itself but as some other piece of dramatic material. On the whole the event is not worth much discussion. It was not only tedious but curiously embarrassing.

In connection with it there is a point in esthetic theory, however, that is well worth a thought.

Often when I see Negro players on the stage and afterward when I hear people saying that they are great actors, I think of Seami, who said five hundred years ago, in Japan, that dogs and children should not be allowed on the stage, they destroy the artistic effect. He was speaking for a theater art of greater purity and abstraction than the modern theater, of course; but what he said was right enough in esthetic principle. It ought to follow, then, that it is better art to do as Miss Barrymore has done and have white players acting Negro characters than it would have been to have, as in "The Emperor Jones," a Negro playing a Negro, or, as in the Guild's "Roar China," Chinese playing Chinese. This is type casting with a vengeance, and the blindest must see what type casting has done to the acting in our theater. As a matter of fact, the principle is not affected at all.

In the first place Negroes, we may say in passing, are not great actors. They are at least as fair as the average on Broadway, but acting consists not only of medium; it needs technique, the power to focus, range and gradation of comprehension. What we ought to say is that the Negro brings to the art of acting a remarkable medium, in his throat, in his natural relaxation, his glow and warmth and excitability, and especially his strangeness or freshness to our audience, who are apt to be entertained by his very presence. His race brings to the theater an invaluable gift and endowment, and there is no reason why, in the course of time, it may not contribute great actors as well. But the fact remains that no Negro player at present would be likely to have given a great performance of this character from Mrs. Peterkin's book. What would very likely have happened, if the play were given with a Negro cast, would be this: a genuine, black woman, right for the part, Southern, in her own way wonderful enough, could never have been taught either the intricacies of the stage art or the general proportions of the role as it fits into the whole play, even if she could have been persuaded to keep up her attendance at rehearsals; and so, accordingly, we should have had, as we do with those distressing Eves and other Old Testament ladies in "The Green Pastures," a shrill pale-yellow person, doubtless from Harlem, with a divided quality, half white, half black, a sharp Yankee movement, rouged lips and cheeks, straightened hair, and so on, all of it sheer travesty and sickening rot.

The principle we spoke of is really not affected. It is possible to conceive that in some Negro role an infinitely great actor, though white, might give us an even greater piece of acting than a Negro actor, equally great, could do, because of the fact that he brings to it by necessity a more complete extension of his art than the other, of the same race as the role, is obliged to do. But this is only an academic point. Negroes would have been better in "Scarlet Sister Mary" for the simple reason that the whole nature of the play is realistic, a close following of life, or of Mrs. Peterkin, so far as possible. No whole company of white actors could hope to give us such a reality. "Scarlet Sister Mary" is not a great play—independent of all resemblance to the actual—sweeping everything along by its force and skill. It leans on and shines by its actual material. Without Negroes, then, the leading part in the play cannot happen in any fullness because it lacks the support that would come to it from the other characters, the warm and glowing, grotesque and significant life around it. There is no matrix from which the character of Si May-e can be drawn.

All of this, however, does not in the least affect Mrs. Julia Peterkin's credit. If "Scarlet Sister Mary" and "Black April" are uneven in excellence, as most books must be, they still at their best almost obliterate any other writing about Negroes that has come out of America. They have direct truth, plenty, variety, complete and tender acquaintance, great courage and a sort of literal, physical, pagan, unobstructed—how shall we say it?—undercurrent of thought as to the meaning of the life that is depicted. We may take the place in "Black April" where the little boy, who has been given away by his mother, follows the old woman across the swamps; or the mother's wake, or the little boy at church, saying nothing, felt like the presence of the very childhood itself of shyness, wonder and pity. In "Scarlet Sister Mary" we may take the death scene, which in the stage production is strangely cut down. Something more no doubt should be given to death and less to the star. In the book this death of Si May-e's first born, held in her arms, soothed into the sleep of death to ease his suffering, sums up in a way the whole theme of her life: the eternal simplicity, the fecundity, the breasts, the arms, the happy labor, the giving of life. No other death scene in our fiction equals it.

STARK YOUNG.

Some Movie Notes

The Death of Comedy

I HAVE just seen some quotations from an interview with Mack Sennett, the creator of Keystone comedies, in which Chaplin made his first appearance and out of which came almost everything sound and entertaining in picture comedies. Mr. Sennett says the "old broad slapstick comedy is a dead issue today. . . . Theater goers demand a reason for their laughter. . . . Characters must be legitimate and natural. . . . Sophisticated comedy for sophisticated audiences" and "the country is in a new cycle of comedy, an era which has passed beyond the silly gags of the days when audiences doubled up with laughter over a pie-throwing act."

I call this the death of comedy not because sophistication is not appropriate to the talking film. Only when the great master of the fundamentally comic betrays it for what is after all only witty or humorous, life goes out of the moving-picture comedy.

Harold Lloyd with Sound

The new Harold Lloyd film, "Feet First," is a remarkable example of the adaptation to the talking film of a talent developed in the silent. This is exactly what Chaplin has refused to do, and a number of things in the Lloyd film indicate that Chaplin was right. The actual spoken lines are rather well turned and the jokes are not too cheap as a rule. But most of the fun comes from visual gags—burning cigars are dropped into hats and shoes and down people's backs as a recurrent motif in the picture. The second half is the old Lloyd stuff quite at its best—a series of breath-taking and dizzying escapades on a scaffolding along the side of a skyscraper. It is here that an unexpected defect of the talking medium comes out. We have always seen Lloyd teetering on cornices and gasped and agonized with him. In the present film the same thing occurs, but to it has been added his ghastly cries of fear. The whole esthetic difficulty of the talkies is indicated here, because the pictorial sequence up the side of the skyscraper, no matter how "real" it looks, is actually fantastic—it is after all the old magic of the man walking up the side of a house. But the sounds of agony and terror are not at all fantastic, and no way has been found, so far, of making human speech unreal. In comedy of this sort one ought to be excited by the totally impossible predicament of the hero and to undergo the sensations without sympathizing with—in the sense of sharing—his feelings. The best parts then of the episode were in those in which the human voice was not used.

Yet there was one moment in which actual dialogue justified itself. While Lloyd is hanging by his toe nails to the molding of the skyscraper, a sleepy Negro porter wanders about trying to tell people inside the building of his plight, and never gets beyond saying, "There is supposed to be a man flying around outside." The soft tones and the casual manner are a beautiful contrast to the violent activity, and although the silent film might have found a counterpart in this case, at least the actual use of speech, in counterpoint to the action, is entirely justified.

The Life of Comedy

Every intelligent follower of the films has for some time been convinced that the drawn comics—the Silly Symphonies and Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat and the like—are infinitely superior to anything the feature talkies have done and are so far the only success in the new medium. I propose to examine them at some length in these pages very shortly, but at the moment I note the happy accident that a drawn comic using the same material as the Lloyd skyscraper sequence appears on the same program. In these comics sound is used in preference to speech, and sound is made unreal enough because it is mechanically produced. To see two mouse hodcarriers walking along a beam at the top of a skyscraper and at the very split second of their stepping into space to have another beam slide in under their feet is infinitely funnier than to see the accidents by which Lloyd escapes from an identical predicament.

Eisenstein and Hollywood

The stories are beginning to float back of the six-months' engagement of Serge Eisenstein, the great Russian director, in Hollywood. That he was paid an enormous salary and that he was working on Dreiser's "American Tragedy," for which $90,000 was paid, and that at the end of six months he was released without having made a single foot of film are facts, not rumors. That most of the effective directors of the company which engaged him had never seen any of his films is true enough. That the working scenarios he produced were infinitely superior to those used in Hollywood could be assumed, and authoritative testimony to their excellence exists. To me the deplorable thing is not that he did not create a great film, since he is capable of doing that elsewhere, but that not even a single experimental reel was made by him as a tiny record of his work. One reason I got from Eisenstein himself. In my great and innocent ignorance of conditions, I enquired if anywhere in Hollywood he had seen anyone do any work whatever which was not directly intended for production—that is, whether the endless experimentation with the mechanism had any parallel in experimentation with the art of the talkie. Eisenstein replied that those days were over, that since the talkie had superseded the movie it required some fifty or sixty men, most of them highly paid technicians, to shoot even the tiniest scene. What this means is that the day of the amateur, which was scarcely dawning five years ago in the silent pictures, cannot begin in the talkies for perhaps a decade.

So in spite of Amos and Andy and the other accidents which keep the film companies solvent, it appears that we shall have to look to the great technical organizations, to the companies controlling fundamental talkie patents. Certainly to protect their enormous investment they might make sure by experiment—in art as well as in machinery—that the talkies will continue to be interesting. They might also help to create such talkies as will bring in the intelligent patron—he may be only 5 percent of the total, but if he can be brought to look at the talkies without sacrificing the other 95 percent, the margin of profit would not be despicable.

Gilbert Seldes.

CORRESPONDENCE

Gold: Is He the Cause of the World Wilder Depression?

SIR: The faults of Michael Gold as a critic are so patent that the misapprehension of his criticism of Thornton Wilder in the Fall Literary Section of The New Republic by numerous correspondents is easily understood, and as a result the real import of Mr. Gold's criticism has apparently passed unperceived. What Mr. Gold holds against Thornton Wilder is not so much his refusal to deal with the contemporary era as his symptomatic flight from reality. Although Shakespeare dealt with Verona and Venice, and Milton with Adam and Eve, each was concerned with fundamental psychological problems and employed his non-contemporary settings and characters as instruments for this purpose rather than ends. It is well recognized that Shakespeare's Romans were Elizabethan Englishmen in all but name; that Adam and Eve were exemplars of a Puritan morality.

This cannot be said of the character creations of Mr. Wilder. The personages of "The Cabala" are by his own admission living anachronisms. And in his other novels the flight from the present is yet more marked. This would be perfectly excusable could he arrive at some depth of psychological analysis and thereby find artistic justification for his divagations into the past. It is the focal thesis of Mr. Gold's review, as we see it, that the intellectual anemia of the educated middle class, foretold by Thorstein Veblen in "The Theory of the Middle Class," renders any representative of that class incapable of attaining this necessary profundity.

It is the consanguinity of spirit between Wilder and the comfortable, bourgeois, academic critics that is responsible for the enthusiastic receptions accorded an author whose works offer these latter so ready an "esthetic" excuse for their intellectual impotence. The many non-essential elements in Mr. Gold's review should not blind the reader to its importance as the first intelligent attack on the refusal to view modern conditions as a whole, of which Mr. Wilder is so pointed an example.

JOHN LESTER LEWINE,
V. HENRY ROTHSCHILD, II.

New Haven, Conn.

SIR: With Mr. Michael Gold's opinion that the novels of Thornton Wilder are not the works of a great artist I do not presume to argue. It is only when Mr. Gold oversteps his function as critic, which is to consider with what success or failure the artist has achieved his purpose, and presumes to tell Mr. Wilder what kind of novels he ought to write and even to formulate a theory as to with what subject matter the novel in general should deal, that I find myself in disagreement with him.

Mr. Gold seems to formulate two very arbitrary rules governing the writing of novels. One is that "social passion" is a prerequisite in a writer, and the other is that an American novelist ought to concern himself with the American scene; and he is very severe with Mr. Wilder because he hasn't the "social passion" and writes about dead Italians and Peruvians instead of living Americans. . . .

Consider, in the light of this reasoning, only two contemporary American novelists, James Branch Cabell and Ernest Hemingway, who even Mr. Gold may admit are writers of some talent. They are not interested in the American scene, they do not try to express America, and certainly they are both utterly devoid of "social passion." Mr. Gold would have us believe that lacking these qualities their art suffers thereby. But why shouldn't Mr. Cabell and Mr. Hemingway or any other American writer ignore the cotton mills, and Ella May and her songs and all the rest if he so choose; why indeed should we expect any writer to "express" America if other scenes or even other time periods interest him more? To the greatest writers the locale of the story is only of secondary importance; what matters supremely is the universal significance of the human characters created. . . .

What ails Mr. Gold is what ails the rest of our left-wing radicals—they are so enamored of revolutionary Marxism that they test everything in life, including the creative arts, by the ease or difficulty with which it can be fitted into their smug and tight little theories. It means, of course, that whole areas of life must ever remain foreign to them; we can as little expect Mr. Gold to sympathize with or even understand the esoteric flavor of Mr. Wilder's novels as we can expect Mr. Wilder to appreciate a Communistic rally in Union Square. . . .

I suspect that what really interests Mr. Gold is not art but propaganda, and it would be very becoming of him were he frank enough to admit it.

MORTIMER SMITH.

New York City.

SIR: It is certainly conceivable that a more comprehensive analysis of Thornton Wilder's works and a more effective attack on his literary philosophy could be written than the one by Michael Gold which you recently published. But not one of your correspondents has suggested a good reason for supposing so. In fact, the letters you published in reply to Mr. Gold should discourage the pious souls who claim that what this country needs is a few great critics. It appears that even if such critics should suddenly arise and begin to contribute to our more intelligent periodicals their gestures would be futile, since no one would understand what they would be talking about.

I have often wondered what became of the esthetes when their official organ, The Dial, died of pernicious anemia. It now looks as though they all became subscribers to The New Republic. The triumphant retort of almost all your correspondents to Mr. Gold's review was that the critic should concern himself exclusively with "style and pattern" or "style as art" and that an author's ideas and feelings about the way people live is none of the critic's damned business. According to this dogma, a critic discussing a novel by Dreiser is limited to remarking that Dreiser's sentences are sometimes entirely too long, that he doesn't understand the use of the semicolon and the conjunction, and that he uses too many words anyway. If the critic should venture to say something about Dreiser's ideas, he would automatically be damned as "unreasonable and spiteful." Antigone, Tom Jones, Hamlet, the Old Testament, Don Quixote, Eugenie Grandet and Faust are read, no doubt, for style. Cabell is a greater writer than Gorki and the critical works of Mr. Spingarn are more important than those of Taine.

The other defenders of Mr. Wilder smile pityingly, condescendingly, with just the right touch of self-righteousness, and ask Mr. Gold whether human emotions are not the same in Greece and Peru as in America, and whether they were not the same two thousand years ago as they are today. "Wilder is concerned with universal problems" etc., etc. This line of argument is a little funny. Neither Mr. Gold nor anyone else who is not in a padded cell ever suggested that human emotions change. Certainly we hate and love as intensely as our pre-historic ancestors. Certainly we fear death and "search for happiness" as consistently as the citizens of Periclean Athens, or for that matter, as the vertebrates from whom both the New Humanists and the anthropoid apes have descended. What Mr. Gold implied was that the contents of human emotions, their forms of expression and the objectives toward which they are directed have changed. Will anyone deny this axiom of psychology? It is manifestly absurd to cite historical or sociological evidence to persons who reveal so frankly their ignorance of sociology and history, but a study of literary history would enlighten them. . . .

The one thought common to all your correspondents was that Communism and literature don't mix; literature must be regarded as "above the [social] battle" and criticism must be an act of disinterestedness. It is worth noting that this argument is never leveled against a critic who attacks a Communist novel, but only against a critic who attacks an anti-Communist novel. Obviously, those who present the argument are anti-Communist, and what they resent is the critic's Communism, not his dislike for the book. This is hardly "disinterestedness." Personally, I should like to meet a "disinterested" critic. Can the readers of The New Republic produce one? . . .

BERNARD SMITH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: It is superfluous to insist, as most of Michael Gold's detractors do, that Thornton Wilder should be permitted to choose his own style and his own substance. But it does not follow, as they would have it, that criticism must be confined to "style and pattern." An author is open to the charge, not merely that his garnishings are withered, but also that his meat is moldy. It is permissible to argue that if Mr. Wilder approaches Anatole France in felicity of phrase, he falls far short in fertility of ideas. It may be proper to suggest, since Mr. Wilder essays philosophic thought, that some of the respected thinkers of today do not stress Anglo-Catholicism. Nor is it bad form to hold, tentatively at least, that his stories of "love, fear, hope and death" are puny things compared to Thomas Hardy's deathless tones. The proprieties of criticism are not circumscribed within the polite canons of The New York Times. It does seem strange that those correspondents who consider germane Wilder's "very lovely nature" and leg muscles rule out the essence of his books. Mr. Gold, in so far as he deals with the *positive* qualities of the author, keeps well within the limits of analytical treatment.

The central point raised by Mr. Gold, however, involves Mr. Wilder's *exclusion* of certain subject matters. This query as to the proper function of literature in modern society has been overlooked completely by numerous sufferers from Communist phobia who see nothing save the waving of a red flag. Our world is confronted by pressing social questions, the most acute of which are poverty and war. Despite this, non-technical writing in America has turned away from group problems, either in resignation or disdain. If this tendency reflects the hopelessness of the masses, it is unfortunate. If, as Mr. Harold Laski so admirably argues, a small leisure class with captious whims and social unawareness prescribes the tastes of the moment, the production it applauds will be deaf to the real needs of the times. Politics will be made a pastime, and religion and literature an esthetic experience. (I hold no particular brief for this theory.) If, on the other hand, the pen is an impelling force and not merely a mirror, a powerful instrumentality for public good is being dissipated into the realms of fantasy. I think that Mr. Gold does not deserve the severe censure that he has received for decrying this situation, and for calling attention to it. . . .

LEON KEYSERLING.

Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. Winkler is Optimistic

SIR: In The New York Telegram of November 21, Dr. Max Winkler, criticizing my opening article on foreign loans, entirely overlooks the main points of my paper.

First, Dr. Winkler disregards the fact that the $3,192,225,000 of foreign bonds on which I found a net depreciation of 10 percent were all government bonds actively traded in on our best exchanges. It is beside the point to say that many domestic securities show a greater ratio of decline. The best foreign government bonds must be compared with the best domestic state and municipal bonds. The latter have not had anything like a 10-percent decline. Liberty bonds are selling at new highs.

Secondly, Dr. Winkler fails to discuss my main thesis or to attack my facts and arguments. In my series I agree with the present market's evaluation of the weak foreign bonds and try to explain it. Dr. Winkler disagrees with us and recommends the purchase of these bonds on a falling market. Time only can pronounce the final verdict as to his recommendations. If, however, Dr. Winkler wishes to challenge the market's judgment and my defense of it, he must answer my arguments. This he has not attempted to do.

Third, Dr. Winkler's biggest point is that foreign bonds have been sold on a higher yield basis than domestic bonds. True, but this does not answer my arguments. The first investors in Mr. Ponzi's system received a fantastically high yield on their investments as long as dividends could be paid out of new capital subscriptions. In the cases of most of our recent foreign government loans, "Capacity to pay equals capacity to borrow," as Dr. Angell said of Germany. The New York Times of November 22 announced that a financial mission is on its way from Bolivia to seek a moratorium on foreign payments or a loan to cover them for next year. Whether the interest paid on some of these loans compensated the risk, remains to be seen. Whether such financing is sound, was the subject of my discussion. This I discussed on the basis of present facts and generally accepted principles.

It should be borne in mind that Dr. Winkler writes from the point of view of the seller and I from the point of view of the buyer of bonds.

New York City. LAWRENCE DENNIS.

The White Man's Burden

SIR: Why should it be the concern of America to bother itself about India? Apparently England is governing that country the best she knows how. And if she isn't, are we doing any better with the Philippines? As long as we are not giving the Filipinos their freedom we have no right to criticize England for not giving India independence. It would appear as if this were a parallel case.

Our overwhelming race prejudice makes the average American indifferent towards the colored race of India. In the South the Negro is barely treated as a free man, and lynchings are frequent. And in the North we look down upon him and begrudge him the few privileges that he enjoys. In the face of this condition how can sympathy from us be expected for the dark-skinned brother in India?

Denver, Col. AUGUST FAST.

A Radio in Each Room

SIR: I have just read Bruce Bliven's article on Chicago unemployment in your issue of November 19. It confirms a letter just received from a Chicago friend who also said that the Wacker Drive resort is called—with what bitter irony—"Hoover Hotel."

Washington, D. C. KATE S. TRAVER.

The Walden High School

SIR: Here is news of an event in the educational world which will be the concern of all readers of The New Republic. The Walden School, in New York City, hard hit financially in this black year, is faced with the necessity of clipping its wings in some drastic fashion. The only possible way to meet the situation for the future is to sacrifice our high school.

The Walden School, as is well known, was founded some seventeen years ago as an experiment in education. The school started with a small group of three-year-olds, with the purpose of studying the life and growth of children in an environment carefully planned for creative activity and freedom of social relations. The school grew with the children, the teachers learning as much at each step as the children. . . . From the beginning it has considered children's lives as a whole, and the high school therefore is an integral part of the concept of the school. Secondary schools as a whole have hardly been touched as yet by the new ideas. They are still slaves to a renaissance tradition and are, perhaps unnecessarily, subservient to college-entrance demands and parents' fears. . . .

How is a school like this financed? A small group of parents organized as a board of trustees, and a wider group in the parents' association, have struggled unceasingly to make the school possible, by raising funds and making contributions, ever since the school started. We cannot face another year without adequate advance pledges. The deficit now is too much for this group to carry. In this crucial emergency the school is being reorganized without the high school, and its significant experiment, and the momentum gained during the years of its existence, must be sacrificed *for lack of $15,000 a year!*

Is there no one who cares enough about a new understanding of youth, the development of more creative individuals, a new social order, to rescue an experiment which is slowly and on a small scale, but none the less positively, contributing to the solution of these problems of our day?

THE PARENTS AND TEACHERS OF THE WALDEN SCHOOL.

New York City.

Winter Book Section

Voiceless India

Voiceless India, by Gertrude Emerson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 458 pages. $4.

A Marriage to India, by Frieda Hauswirth (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das). New York: The Vanguard Press. 303 pages. $3.

The Power of India, by Michael Pym. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 316 pages. $3.50.

Disillusioned India, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 224 pages. $2.50.

Reconstructing India, by Edward Thompson. New York: The Dial Press. 404 pages. $4.

Must England Lose India? by Arthur Osburn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 280 pages. $2.75.

The Dilemma in India, by Sir Reginald Craddock. New York: Richard R. Smith. 379 pages. $4.50.

India and the Simon Report, by C. F. Andrews. New York: The Macmillan Company. 191 pages. $1.75.

The Case for India, by Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. 228 pages. $2.

Gandhi of India, by C. F. Andrews. New York: The Macmillan Company. 372 pages. $2.50.

THE ten books here listed are all the result of personal experience in India of varying degrees of intensity. Gertrude Emerson spent more than a year as a resident in the village of Pachperwa, on the estate of the Maharajah of Balrampur, in the Oudh, now part of the United Provinces. Living in her own house, on terms of friendship with everyone from the Tahsildar, or subcollector of revenue, to the sweepers, she became a part of the life of the village and studied intimately the social problems involved in caste divisions and purdah, land tenure, taxation and finance, religion and government. In view of the terrible suffering from poverty and sickness which she encountered, and in some measure alleviated, it would be too much to say that her life in Pachperwa was entirely pleasurable; yet an American must read with a certain expansion of heart her account of the uniform courtesy, good will and solicitude with which she was surrounded by a simple and kindly people. Her book is both a delightful narrative and a penetrating study. It lets one into India, so to speak, on the ground floor.

Mrs. Das, a Swiss, educated in America and married to a Hindu, had a more intense experience. Through her husband's connections she saw much of the higher class of his people. Settling at last in Orissa, one of the least developed parts of India, where Mr. Das was trying to carve a sugar plantation out of the jungle, she met in full the difficulties of a foreign wife in a Hindu family, of a white woman in a labor camp where even the workers of different castes could not render mutual service or live easily together. She records with frankness her impatience and irritation at conditions so often insulting to her Swiss common sense; and her husband's constant patience and good humor. Unlike Miss Emerson, she found her presence a social problem, and left India with the impression that it is, in this form, insoluble.

Mrs. Pym spent several years in India, seeing it chiefly from above, as a favored traveler, but with intelligence and understanding. In particular she is conscious of the long historical perspective and of the enduring quality of Indian culture, its native art and civilization, and its essential unity in things that transcend politics. She suggests in "The Power of India" that discussion of the Indian problem today is based on a too limited view afforded by the period since the British occupation, since the Mutiny, since Amritsar. She finds the rape of India committed by the British in their imposition of a vulgar mechanical civilization upon a people to whom things of the spirit are supreme, a people of original and exquisite art, whose life in common for thousands of years has been, however imperfectly, directed by an art of living, not by the Western conception of politics. The British, for all their objurgation of the caste system, have imposed from without on India the most abominable of castes.

Mr. Thompson, whose fiction, especially "An Indian Day," shows that he is one of the exceptions to this judgment, agrees with Mrs. Pym that the one great necessity at the present time is a true history of India, to replace the special pleading which goes under that name, even with the imprimatur of Oxford and Cambridge. His "Reconstructing India" is a plea for mutual good will and understanding between British and Indians in dealing with a situation which today they have as a common inheritance.

Lieutenant Colonel Osburn, in "Must England Lose India?" gives evidence to the effect that such coöperation as Mr. Thompson pleads for is impossible. He shows by a multitude of instances that the two races in India are utterly incompatible. The roots of this incompatibility he finds in the English public-school system and the Indian climate. It has been the glory of English education to train men for service of the state. Colonel Osburn insists that the English public school, with its system of bullying and fagging, is the worst possible preparation for holding authority over a subject people. In the Indian climate Englishmen tend to lose the poise and self-control which are supposed to be their racial characteristics. He cites many cases of the sub-brutal conduct of his countrymen toward Indians, noting that physical outrage, common toward the weak, undernourished Bengali, is rarely attempted toward the robust Pathan.

Mr. Mukerji, returning to his country to consult his *guru,* finds young India in revolt, led by his friend, Jawarhalal Nehru. "Disillusioned India" is a picture of the revolutionary mind of India today. On the other hand, "The Dilemma in India," by Sir Reginald Craddock, for many years in the Indian Civil Service and for a time Lieutenant Governor of Burma, is a study of conditions in India from the point of view of a British administrator, and a statement of the reasons (danger of invasion; racial, linguistic and religious divisions; illiteracy and political ineptitude, etc.) why only a very moderate degree of self-government can for a long time to come be accorded to India as a British-Indian dominion. To this Mr. C. F. Andrews replies in a criticism of the Simon Report, which contemplates something approaching what Sir Reginald has in mind. This report Mr. Andrews finds already out of date, applicable to India of thirty years ago rather than today. Mr. Durant presents "The Case for India" in his own energetic style, but with an enthusiasm, and

some carelessness of facts, which would doubtless lead Mr. Thompson to count it among those "inflammatory representations" which alone "without extreme difficulty" obtain "a patient hearing in the United States." And finally there is Mahatma Gandhi's own story told by his English friend and the friend of India, Mr. Andrews.

The reader, if peradventure there be found one for all these books, will be impressed by a striking divergence among them as to facts. For example, there is the question of child marriage and the treatment of women. Mr. Thompson notes that "so long as the mass of Indian people marry their women far too young . . . and keep their women uneducated, so long will they be unable to get justice from other nations." Miss Emerson witnessed a child marriage, and is conscious of the hardship to women of widowhood and purdah, but she records that "We did not have many widows in Pachperwa and not a single child widow." Mrs. Pym met in the Purdah Club of Delhi a delightful company of intelligent women, and she found Indian society in general preferable to English because "there was not in the relations of men and women that almost constant veering toward some emphasis on sex that is so prevalent in the West nowadays." She calls attention to the fact that the Indians themselves took the initiative in the Legislative Assembly for British India in 1925 in raising the age of consent to fourteen, a measure which the government of India opposed. She cites the census report of 1921 to the effect that the proportion of girls married between five and fifteen is 246 per thousand—hardly enough to justify Mr. Thompson's inclusive statement. Again, Mr. Thompson approves the East India Company's governor from 1810 to 1830 for doing "a great deal to pick up such fragments as remained of indigenous systems of village administration, whose lack or inadequacy is such a flaw today." Miss Emerson attributes the decline of this system to the British zeal for centralization, and considering the vigorous "fragments" which she found in 1927, it would seem that the change must have been more recent than Mr. Thompson supposes. Gandhi's demand of free license for firearms, Mr. Thompson calls a "concession to mere sentiment, dating back to a long finished time." Mrs. Das states that while any English clerk in Bombay can obtain a permit to carry arms for all India, her husband, a man of influence, was allowed one only for his own province. He was invited by neighboring villages to shoot man-eating tigers, one of which had killed fifty-seven persons. In regard to race relations betwen English and Indians, Mr. Thompson remarks: "If an Englishman is rude to an Indian, it is noted, repeated and like enough gets into print. If an Indian is rude to an Englishman, it is probably passed over, often with that generous refusal to take offense which (after all) is one of the Englishman's natural merits." Rudeness is of varying degrees. The British Tommies were rude to a Burmese beggar-woman whom they raped. They got into print through Lord Curzon's investigation and punishment, as did the cavalry regiment which was disciplined by him because of manslaughter committed by some of the troopers. Certain young Englishmen, of whom Colonel Osburn tells us, were rude to an Indian youth, who, for going about with an English girl, was nailed to a post so that he could only gain release by mutilating himself.

To take other examples of discrepancy, the condition of agriculture Sir Reginald Craddock finds fairly satisfactory. He estimates that "about 20 percent of the peasantry are in comfortable and often flourishing circumstances, and about 20 percent are poor or heavily indebted. The rest may be described as in average circumstances." "The cultivators of an Indian village pay rent for their land at a rent per acre which a British farmer would regard as a flea-bite." As for taxation: "Many of the cultivators pay no rates at all; a great many not more than 5 percent, and few more than 10 percent of their rent." On the other hand, Miss Emerson reports that the average holding of the peasant at Pachperwa was six and one-half acres; that 58 of the total number of 112 had less than three acres; 49, less than one acre apiece. Both Miss Emerson and Mrs. Pym speak of the rapid exhaustion of the fields, given no fertilizers and compelled to support too large a population to allow of their lying fallow. Both note the system of subdivision and "fragmentation" which leaves the peasant with his small holding widely scattered. As a further result of such division, Miss Emerson adds that the "circle inspector" of her district had 1,583 cases of dispute, of which he heard 800 in three days. With the mass of the people of India sustaining life on a few rupees a month, the Rajah of Balrampur, a minor in the British Court of Wards, enjoyed an income of $1,500,000 a year, and his guardians spent 5,000 rupees for the entertainment of the Governor of the United Provinces on a tiger hunt, besides exacting an immense amount of forced labor.

In regard to the relation of Hindus and Moslems, Miss Emerson found no difficulties in Pachperwa. The great Moslem festival of Maharram, in commemoration of the martyrdom of the sons of Ali, the prophet's son-in-law, was the occasion of a common fête. When she asked, in regard to a group of celebrating boys, whether there were any Hindus among them, the police inspector laughed. "There are only five Mussulmans. The other fifteen are Hindus." Mr. Thompson scouts the idea that British administrators encourage conflict between Hindus and Moslems, but he agrees with all authorities in laying at the door of the Montagu-Chelmsford "communal" system, with its "reservation" of offices to members of different sects, the political rivalry between them. Miss Emerson quotes her Tahsildar as saying that fifteen years ago clashes were almost unknown: "They have come as the result of modern political developments."

The personality and influence of Gandhi is also a subject of disagreement. Mr. Andrews is his interpreter and defender; Mr. Thompson, who first met Gandhi at Spion Kop, where he was directing Indian water carriers and stretcher bearers in aid of the stricken British army, has never lost his sympathy and admiration, but he finds an alloy of political insincerity in Gandhi's support of the Khilafat Movement and apology for the Mopla rising, as well as in his present course. Mrs. Das gives a winning picture of him in words, as well as in her admirable charcoal sketch. Mrs. Pym's interview left with her the impression of a professional saint who makes asceticism the means to power.

The immediate interest of all this evidence, of course, is its bearing on the present situation. This is most conspicuous in Mr. Thompson's book. He does not palliate the mistakes of the British Raj from the Mutiny to Amritsar. He finds the chief evil in the persistent attitude of the British people, in exalting the Christian generals who committed infamous atrocities and gave God the glory; in exonerating General Dyer in the House of Lords and raising £26,000 for him by popular subscription. But, he contends, there has been a change since 1920. He compares the constructive attitude of Lord Irwin with the intransigence of the Indian Congress. "I submit," he says "that the government is at present far the wiser, and braver, and honester party to the quarrel." He finds reason to applaud the patience and moderation of the government in the pres-

ence of extreme provocation. But the question arises whether the change has not come too late. Mr. Thompson quotes Mr. C. R. Das as saying in 1925, "I think it is for the good of India, for the good of the world, that India should strive for freedom within the Commonwealth, and so serve the cause of humanity." The opportunity then open was soon muddled away. The Tories were in power, and though they sent a good man to India in Lord Irwin, the realistic statement of the Home Secretary, Sir William Joyson-Hicks, that Great Britain was in India for her own advantage, and that what she had gained by the sword she would keep by the sword, seemed to belie the change of heart of which Mr. Thompson speaks. Lord Birkenhead's demand on India to submit a constitution was a challenge, met hastily and imperfectly by the Nehru document. His appointment of the Simon Commission, composed entirely of Englishmen, was an insult. Mr. Thompson points out that the present Round Table Conference is a fulfilment of the demand of the Indian National Congress, but the delay in calling it and the ambiguity of its objective, whether to provide for immediate dominion status or merely to consider toward that end the steps marked out by the Simon Report, is excuse for the Congress, in its present state of mind, to reject it.

Nevertheless, the observer of events in India must, even in the present impasse, hold to the constructive side. The peoples of Asia have been forced into association with the Western civilization by various forms of violence—Japan by the American fleet, China by the British; Central Asia by Russian, Indo-China by French annexation; India by British commercial penetration culminating in conquest. These methods have resulted in the irreparable loss of forms of human culture without which the world is poorer. It would have been far better if the Asiatic peoples had been allowed to pursue their own ways of life, and assimilate Western civilization as they saw fit. India has had a unique experience. It is reasonable to argue that she should accept any benefit which it has brought her. "The historical and cultural contact of Great Britain and India," says Mr. Thompson, "has laid down a causeway which should be used." But it cannot be used except under freedom. It is striking that the benefits of British rule are, in the opinion of several writers, greatest in the Native States, which have preserved something of this freedom. The question with regard to India as a whole is whether Great Britain will or can grant freedom. With her best endeavors she has thus far given only its simulacrum in the form of politics.

Mr. Thompson views the future of India in the Empire with generous idealism. "For the first time, an empire dominated mainly by people of one blood will have found a way to incorporate on equal terms a vast people of blood and thought and religious beliefs far apart from its own. It will open up new hope for depressed and discouraged peoples everywhere, and there can be no limit set to the regions into which its influence will go." On the other hand, Sir Reginald Craddock points out the differences between India and the self-governing dominions. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa have altogether 18,000,000 whites against 300,000,000 Indians. These 18,000,000 have for the most part inherited the institutions of Great Britain and they have had a century or more of political education. There is cogency in his argument that the Indians are not ready for democracy—that democracy is foreign to their psychology, that its introduction means political corruption worse than that of the United States. Again, as Mr. Ratcliffe recently pointed out, the real Empire citizenship, which Mr. Thompson has in mind, depends on the dominions as well as upon Great Britain. Will they grant this status to India, and allow access of her citizens to their territories, with only the same restrictions as obtain among themselves? Above all, will the British Diehards in Parliament and the Indian government, imbued with the doctrine of "the sacred trust," accept a constitution which, like the Nehru draft, will be at best experimental and abundantly open to criticism? Mr. Thompson must feel that he is pleading with God for a stiff-necked and perverse generation. But in this bankruptcy of politics we may be sure that neither the statesmanship of Westminster nor that of Lahore will have the last word. There is in Indian psychology and culture, as every one of these books bears witness, something deeper and more fundamental than politics, which cannot be destroyed by political blunders. Perhaps the truest sentence with reference to the British in India, in all the ten books considered, was spoken by an Indian ascetic, a "nail-sitter," to Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji: "If they go they will remain. And if they remain they will go."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Police Gazette

The Sins of New York, by Edward Van Every. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 299 pages. $5.

FASHION is your complete snob. Its primitive but perennial sense of humor is tickled only by yesterday's pretensions; toward the fads of tomorrow it cocks an eye of anxious respect. For a reason that is not very far to seek, we are mightily amused by the wicked antics of our grandfathers: what may have seemed to them like a sabbatanic orgy strikes us as the cavorting of a lot of village cut-ups. What makes their sinfulness so funny is that it is out of fashion. And so the joke goes on forever.

It is not old fashions themselves, however, so much as their records which send us off into such merry and up-to-the-minute peals of mirth. If you had actually been in love with a woman who wore a bustle you might have thought her no laughing matter; in fact, her steatopygous form might even have fed your ardent flame. A fashion-plate of "Candida's" day would reduce a 1930 debutante to hysterics, but the same debutante, seeing a performance of "Candida," will soon forget to nudge her neighbor and whisper about the screamingly funny clothes. It may be suspected, indeed, that few of us would ever snicker if we had patience enough to look around us, but luckily for our laughter we feast our eyes on kaleidoscopes. Part of the publishing racket is to supply an uneasy public with easy marks. Hence the old hokum of the "new" biography. Hence scrapbooks like this one.

The heyday of The Police Gazette is over, but it was not so long ago that every barber shop had its weekly copy. A contemporary wisecrack ran: "Have you seen The Gazette?—No, I shave myself." In the days of its grandeur, with a circulation of 400,000, The Gazette was the sporting paper of the country, and something more than that. Long before the days of the tabloids, The Police Gazette was making straight their paths in a wilderness of journalistic respectability. But it started, like many another unexpectedly successful venture, under the banner of Service.

In the year 1845 the police force of New York City had not attained that pluperfect level of efficiency on which it now rests. Racketeering was much more open, lawlessness more obviously outside the law. In order to help the police by focusing public attention on the exploits of crim-

inals (names, pictures and addresses printed), the founders of The Gazette hoped to make the fair name of the city stink a little less in the nostrils of decent citizens. Their purpose was declared in more florid language, but that seems to have been their plan, idealistically considered. No doubt they also hoped to make a go of the paper. The editors had a lively time of it at first, as you may imagine, what with defending the office against gang assaults, dodging an occasional bullet, and being had up for libel. But The Gazette prospered; imperceptibly, as these things happen, its crusading nose grew more and more acute, and gradually transformed itself into a nose for news—news of a very specialized kind. Here are two adjacent headlines from an issue in 1879:

SNARED BY A SCOUNDREL

An Innocent Country Beauty, on her Travels, Encounters her Fate in an Adventurer

OF THE WORST TYPE

HOMICIDAL HORRORS

Of Sufficient Number and Variety of Atrocity to Enable the Craving of the Most Exacting

TO FILL TO SATIETY

The man who really raised The Police Gazette to fame was one Richard K. Fox, a live wire and a dead ringer for New York's Jimmy Walker. He took over The Gazette in 1876, and immediately started printing it on pink paper. Fox paid more attention to sports and the theater than his predecessors had done; his prizes for all kinds of athletic events, from "sparring matches" to oyster-opening contests, gave The Gazette tremendous publicity, and eventually made it the sporting oracle of the nation. Fox had a great sense of his own importance, and because John L. Sullivan once snubbed him he spent large sums of money and a great deal of trouble finding challengers to thrash the impertinent fellow. Since none of them succeeded, the upshot was that both Fox's and Sullivan's reputations swelled. But Mr. Fox did not neglect the more sensational aspects of pink journalism, and the quack and pornographic advertisements he printed (the exact twins of those to be found nowadays in the many magazines which circulate their issues by express) sometimes got him into trouble with Anthony Comstock. Fox would not admit, of course, that The Gazette was immoral; "it was certain ones of the people who were immoral. Presenting a pictorial record of the day was strictly within the bounds of legitimate journalism." The excuse is as old as pornography; if it were necessary for our modern tabloid publishers to defend themselves, we should be hearing the same old tones of injured innocence.

It may be news to some readers of The New Republic that The Police Gazette still exists. It does. It occupies about the same position in respect to the tabloids that Town Topics does to The New Yorker. The Gazette has sunk to an eighth of its former size; its glory has departed into pinker papers. It may not have been polite of Mr. Van Every to write this book about The Gazette as if it were already defunct, but it was realistic. His book is interesting; I am sorry to say it is amusing. It would have been more amusing if Mr. Van Every had not been so conscious of his role as humorous introducer. From the fact that his running comment is written in journalese somewhat below the average, I take it that he is not a newspaper man. The tone in which he writes is reminiscent, however, of the knowing, shopworn sprightliness exploited by the tabloids, which perhaps to later generations will seem to have some antique freshness, but which is peculiarly unfitted to calling a kettle black.

The whole impact of this book is depressing. If The Police Gazette had been the last of its kind, if it had not spawned the dreary brood we batten on today, we might be able to laugh at its outmoded smirks a little more wholeheartedly. It is only too evident, however, that the more that kind of thing changes, the more it remains the same. If anyone still believes we are progressing from one generation to another, I wish he would look soberly at this book.

T. S. Matthews.

Arrangement in Gray and Silver

Claudia, by Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS pleasant every now and then to come across a novel of delicacy and restraint and beauty, in which there is no trafficking with morons, a novel peopled by intelligent human beings, written for people of intelligence by an intelligent man. This is one. According to the jacket, "Claudia" came out in Germany an unspecified number of years before the famous "Grischa," and it might have been written by a totally different person. It has not the robustness and scope and depth of compassion of "Grischa," which it resembles about as much as the Parthenon frieze does the Squibb building; moreover, it bears no more relation to the artistic and intellectual temper of this mechanized civilization than does a novel of Henry James. Zweig has taken an immemorial theme, the spiritual adjustments which two cultured and sensitive people find necessary in order completely to fulfill the love that has sprung up between them, and polished and repolished until it shines with a fine and lustrous beauty, like old, unburnished silver.

Claudia's problem, and in a lesser degree that of the scholarly Walter whom she marries, is to reconcile stringent spiritual ideals with natural frailties and natural passions; both of them go about it with a subtlety of perception and feeling that is, I am afraid, beyond the reach of most of us. So refined and intellectual is the atmosphere in which they move and breathe that it is a wonder they ever managed to retain their vitality at all. Certainly in the hands of anybody less skilful than Zweig they would have become awful prigs and bores.

The finespun, austere effect which he acnieves in "Claudia" comes in large part from the method he uses in the telling of the story—or, rather, in the presentation of his upper-middle-class intelligentsia, since there is so very little story. In a series of eight vignettes, more or less independent of one another, he sketches with singular precision and truthfulness the several stages in the emotional relationship of Claudia and Walter. A desire to escape the banal does cause him to work the inferential method overtime; seldom are Claudia's feelings presented directly; they are doled out through the medium of descriptions of people or things which have had bearing upon her spiritual development. A painter's confession of artistic compromise in the genesis of an etching which Claudia has loved, a second-rate performance of the "Saint Matthew Passion" of Bach, an album of old photographs of Claudia turned wistfully over by her mother—Zweig uses these things as mirrors in which the reader is supposed to see Claudia, first in profile, then in full face, at a performance of "Götz von Berlichingen," as an adolescent, as a woman blossoming and mature. What the reader does see is not so much Claudia as artful arrangements of Claudia, exquisite and tenebrous reflections in the clear mirror of the author's mind, which owe their charm as much to the design as to the inherent

beauty of the reflected figure. The reflections are always truthful, yet Claudia is a woman whom bright sunlight would not harm.

Zweig, in this book, shows a considerable preoccupation with the style, and it seems to have come through the mill of translation without loss of dignity or lucidity. Except for an occasional carelessness like the use of "intriguing" in its Anita Loos sense, the translator has done a good job. "After all, the same destiny that had bent Eva Eggeling's neck, awaited Claudia, too. Betty Maurer, Eva Eggeling, Claudia Rohme—what would the next house be called? For they were houses, that sheltered life for a while and then sent it forth. A womb is a door that leads from nameless darkness; from that door they receive life and after a little they hand it on to an unknown that came from their own womb; for they were a door out of the darkness, and behind them is that which has no name. They were mothers. . . . " It would do no harm, I think, to Mr. Thornton Wilder if he should read this book and see what occurs when a young and careful artist of unquestioned integrity of purpose is not satisfied to observe the world through a pair of ancient spectacles, but goes out with a mind full of compassion and curiosity, to discover for himself the mystery of things, at first hand.

HOWARD COXE.

A Gallant Crusader

The Prophet of San Francisco: Personal Memories and Interpretations of Henry George, by Louis F. Post. New York: The Vanguard Press. 336 pages. $3.

TWO FORCES have conspired in the last quarter century to obscure in the minds of the general public the fundamental significance of the teachings of Henry George. The first is the monotonous monomania of most of his followers, which has made the average man of the world reluctant to believe that any great and glowing truth could proceed out of the mouths of those who seem so patently to be cranks. The other is the fact that we have been largely a nation of real-estate speculators and have, therefore, been reluctant to admit that the increased rent which we expected to make us rich should be taken by the community.

But neither intellectual fastidiousness nor economic interest should blind us to the robust central truth that the economic rent of bare land is a social product and should normally furnish a larger part than it now does of the revenues of society. It has been the supreme merit of Henry George that he pointed this out with extraordinary and genuine eloquence, even if not always with impeccable logic. Ricardo had, to be sure, laid the basis for such a social theory when he worked out the nature of rent by showing that it was the difference between the costs of cultivation on the better grades of land and those on the poorest pieces which were utilized. As population increases, the pressure upon the soil becomes greater; poorer and poorer lands would be resorted to and with the increase in the differential, rents and, therefore, the value of land would inevitably rise. It would have been only a logical extension of Ricardo's analysis to have concluded then and there that since rent was not a social cost of production and was, instead, a socially created surplus, the community should mark it as its very own. But this ethical application was not made by Ricardo or by any of his followers with the exception of John Stuart Mill. It was enough for the rising industrial class and their spokesmen if, by abolishing the Corn Laws, they could make some inroad upon the amount of rent which their political rivals received. The writings of Ogilvie and Dove, as well as of Spence and Paine, upon land reform were therefore largely forgotten and Mill's proposal that society should take the future increases in land values did not arouse any considerable response.

The publication of "Progress and Poverty" in 1877 was then a political and social event of the first importance. The untutored journalist of San Francisco had indeed grasped the moral implications of Ricardianism far more clearly than the professors of the chair, and he argued his case with an eloquence which no economic work before or since has even remotely approached. It was but natural that George should have made many errors, as he did, for example, in stating that because rent increased, the lot of the working class must necessarily grow worse, and in ignoring the fact that other forms of rent (in the sense of payments which are not needed to induce production) adhered to interest, to salaries and indeed in some cases to wages. Perhaps the most disastrous mistake of all was when he urged with the zeal of a prophet that all other taxes be abolished so that his "simple yet sovereign remedy" might cure all the economic evils of the world. For it has been this absolutism which has given to many of his later followers a sterile and impossible attitude and which has prevented most of them from working for realistic reforms.

It is the great merit of this memoir by the late Louis F. Post that it pictures George and the Single Tax movement during those fifteen years from 1882 to 1897 when, though George's own mind had matured, the movement itself was in its formative stage and had not yet hardened into orthodoxy. To the generous-minded young Americans of the eighties and nineties George's analysis appeared as a great discovery and George himself as a veritable prophet. George's gallant crusades in behalf of his cause in Ireland, in the New York mayoralty elections of 1886 and throughout the country, brought out a gallantry in others. Louis Post and his wife, for example, always combined a moral earnestness with a zest for life which made them singularly attractive. Tom L. Johnson and Joseph Fels were alike stirred to almost demonic energy by the message. Father McGlynn braved the Catholic hierarchy to expound the Georgian doctrine, and Fred Howe and Brand Whitlock, Hamlin Garland and T. G. Shearman were all greater or lesser members of the fellowship. One wishes indeed that Mr. Post had devoted more space to memorabilia about these interesting figures and less to his endeavor to prove at length the essential soundness of his doctrine. Perhaps no earnest Single Taxer can be expected to subordinate argument to reminiscence, but the account of the fusion between labor and the Single Taxers in the memorable New York campaign of 1886 and the subsequent split with the Socialists in 1887 throws such added light upon an interesting phase of the minor political history of the turbulent eighties as to make one anxious for more.

Indeed, in view of the recent craze for biography, it is surprising that no other life of George save that by his son has ever appeared, and that the mine of material which is contained in the papers deposited in the New York Public Library by his daughter, Mrs. DeMille, is still unworked. George may have been too simple and integrated a character to lend himself to the subtleties of psychoanalytic biography, but as a contribution to the social history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century such a life is surely needed. In the meantime, we can but be grateful for this appreciation of one crusader by another.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

Big Hotel

Imperial Palace, by Arnold Bennett. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ARNOLD BENNETT must actually enjoy the physical process of writing, typing or dictating to his secretary: I can think of no other reason for stringing this book out to nearly eight hundred pages, provided we dismiss as too frivolous the hypothesis that he did it on a bet. On second thought, he may have been hoping against hope that the various confused themes of the novel would resolve themselves into some sort of order, and that by virtue of going on and on he would eventually muddle through. (He never does.) Certainly it couldn't possibly be one of those cases where the author falls in love with his characters and is unable to tear himself away. The only time when anyone in the book is at all human is during the affair between Evelyn Orcham, millionaire managing director of the Imperial Palace Hotel in London, and Gracie Savott, wealthy playgirl with intellectual tendencies. (Gracie once wrote a book, between cocktails.) Orcham is torn between his career in the hotel world, which demands all his waking hours, and his feeling for Gracie, which, it turns out, isn't the right kind of feeling, though it sounded attractive enough to us.

The way we find out that it isn't the right kind of feeling is that Gracie and Orcham, after a few cozy days in a flat in Paris, give each other the bird; Gracie marrying another fellow and Orcham, shortly after, becoming engaged to Violet Powler, who is housekeeper in his de luxe hotel and one of the dreariest girls you ever met. "She was serious (reflects the infatuated man); she knew what work was. And he too. She was his sort; he hers. Gracie was not his sort and never would have been, because she was not serious and did not know what sustained work was. He had learned one supreme lesson from the brief, violent affair with Gracie: namely [you'll never guess] that Gracie was not his sort. Yes, Violet was indeed his sort" —and so on and so on, after the immortal fashion of lovers. Orcham, in short, symbolizes the triumph of business over emotion; so, to a lesser extent, do most of the other characters, all of whom are somehow connected (whether as waiter or director) with the Imperial Palace Hotel. When he is concerned with the business careers of his men and women Mr. Bennett is articulate, if occasionally boring; but in his brief excursions into such extra-curricular human activities as love affairs, personal relationships, home life, etc., he is completely unsatisfactory. His people are so consistently limited, bloodless and unnatural that it is not worth while pointing to specific instances and going to the trouble of explaining why normal persons wouldn't have acted that way. And Mr. Bennett, it is obvious, regards his characters as quite normal.

In addition to this dismal character portrayal and absence of plausible motivation there is, as I have already intimated, a lack of skill in weaving together the various themes. Or perhaps Mr. Bennett is being willfully disorderly for some obscure but epic reason of his own. There is the Orcham-Gracie affair, the Orcham-Violet affair (of which, although it is the climax of the novel, we are told very little), the Orcham-Sir Henry Savott business rivalry (never properly explained and left hanging in mid air), Orcham's career, the careers of any number of housekeepers, headwaiters, etc., in the hotel, not to mention the baffling business of Tessa the maid's illegitimate baby, which is introduced to no apparent purpose and is never developed—not even to the point where the baby is born. Why Mr. Bennett should cruelly inflict an illegal pregnancy on Gracie's poor maid I cannot understand; unless it can be for the cowardly reason that it explains why Gracie leaves London for some time (to take the maid away) thus leaving Mr. Orcham's emotional life suspended and giving Mr. Bennett a chance to discuss the inside workings of a great hotel without having to bother with Cupid for several thousand words.

Incidentally, the descriptions of what goes on in a tremendous and luxurious hotel are very good, and to those who like facts, very interesting. Everything is gone into: the restaurants, the laundry, the kitchens, how the rooms are looked after, the policy towards guests, the rivalry between different departments of the hotel, and so on. On a definite, factual subject like this Mr. Bennett is clear, forceful and, one supposes, authoritative. He must have done a lot of snooping around at various Ritzes; it sounds as if he were in the hotel business himself. Had he confined himself to the more technical aspects of his subject and carefully avoided human nature outside of office hours, the result might have read more like an article for Fortune than a novel, but it would have made a better book.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Physics and Metaphysics

The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Company. 163 pages. $2.25.

IN "THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE," Sir James Jeans has written a sequel to his "Universe Around Us," taking up in more detail the developments of the new physics and astronomy and attempting to interpret their philosophical significance. The work is imilar both in scope and purpose to "The Nature of the Physical World," and, as in the case of Eddington's book, its value depends chiefly on the value of the philosophy expounded by the author. For the purpose of the present review we may therefore disregard the first four chapters, in which Professor Jeans presents a clear, vivid sketch of the new physics, and concentrate our attention on the fifth and concluding chapter, appropriately entitled "Into Deep Waters."

But first it is necessary to allude to the general situation in the new physics. This, briefly, is that all mechanical models for supporting the physicist's theories and laws have proved inadequate. In the relativity theories, and in the rival—but mathematically strangely equivalent—formulations for atomic behavior, the physicist finds himself with a set of laws and equations confirmed in experience; but he has no model of reality to which to fasten these laws so that he may be able to say, "Reality is so and so, and these are its inductive laws." In the past the philosophical or metaphysical question as to what the laws of science mean was solved for the physicist by the assumption of mechanism, the assumption that reality was made up of matter and motion and behaved as a mechanical system. Now this assumption has clearly broken down, and he who had always laughed at philosophers now finds himself frightened by the vast philosophic abyss that opens in his homely laboratory. The French physicist Lucien Poincaré acutely summed up the psychology of the situation some years ago, when he said that physicists now turn to metaphysics out of distrust for mechanics, after having sought to base everything on mechanics out of fear of metaphysics.

Jeans begins his philosophic argument by stating the fundamental fact that physics is now a collection of mathematical formulations. From this he reasons that we are

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not yet in contact with ultimate reality and that, to speak in terms of Plato's well known simile, we are still imprisoned in our cave, with our backs to the light, and can only watch the shadows on the wall." The task of science is to classify these shadows, to explain them in the simplest possible way; and this simplest possible way turns out to be the explanation in terms of mathematical concepts. But what about the ultimate value of this mathematical explanation? Since the shadows point to substances beyond, Jeans reasons that the mathematical behavior of the shadows points to the mathematical behavior of these unknown ultimate substances. The creator of the ultimate universe was not a biologist, not an engineer or mechanician, but a pure mathematician, and we may rejoice that "the universe shows evidence of a designing or controlling power that has something in common with our own individual minds—not, so far as we have discovered, emotion, morality or esthetic appreciation, but the tendency to think in the way which, for want of a better word, we describe as mathematical."

It is interesting to compare this position with Eddington's, which is at once more simple and more skeptical of science. For Eddington, science now consists of nothing but abstract mathematical symbols and pointer readings on instruments; it is thus purely subjective and does not tell us anything about reality, concerning which we may therefore believe what we please. Jeans makes a valiant attempt to save the truth value of science, but he thereby gets himself involved in more philosophical difficulties than Eddington. It is easy enough to argue that since science is now mathematical it does not tell us anything about reality; but Jeans wants to prove that the mathematical formulations of science *do* tell us something about reality. His difficulty is that the material reality to which the physicists used to fasten their equations has now disappeared. How then ground the mathematical laws in reality? Jeans attempts to do so by postulating a reality in another world that is represented in this world by shadowy surrogates, and by arguing from the mathematical behavior of the shadows to the mathematical behavior of the substances in the next world. But such a philosophy is immediately open to the objection that if mathematics applies so well and so successfully to the shadows, we have no reason to suspect that the shadows are only shadows and not real substances of which mathematics furnishes the laws. In other words, we are back again to the materialistic mechanism which we started out to avoid.

Or again, let us grant for the sake of argument the existence of a dualism of shadows and substances. Why is it that we can infer only the mathematical character of the ultimate substances and nothing else about them? Judging by terrestrial experience with shadows and substances, we may say that it is true that we can infer the mathematical behavior of a substance from the mathematical behavior of its shadow, but we can also infer a good deal more. Thus, the fact that geometry applies to the shadow of a tree shows that geometry applies to the tree itself, but then we also know from the shadow that it is a shadow of a tree and not of an elephant. And if we cannot infer any character of the substance from the shadow, then we cannot infer even the mathematical behavior of the substance—and we cannot infer that there is any substance distinct from the shadow.

If the position of Jeans is superior to that of Eddington, it is only in his laudable intention to maintain the truth of science, not in his philosophic success in accomplishing that aim. There are times when his position seems to merge completely into an Eddington-Berkeley subjectivism, as when he says that the substantiality of matter remains unchanged, since "substantiality is a purely mental concept measuring the direct effect of objects on our sense of touch." The whole passage is, however, so loose in its alternate use of realist and idealist terminology that it is hopeless to make any sense out of it. Moreover, in addition to alternating between subjective idealism and realism, Jeans alternates between the attempt to make mathematical thought represent only the formal structure of ultimate reality, and the attempt to make the two completely identical. If he makes mathematical thought a formal property of the ultimate universe, his conception does not differ in the end from ordinary materialism, except that the material substances are put in heaven instead of earth; for how conceive a universe to which mathematical thought formally applies except on the usual mechanical model? And so Jeans pulls himself up with a jerk: he insists that "the laws which nature obeys are less suggestive of those which a machine obeys in its motion than of those which a musician obeys in writing a fugue, or a poet in composing a sonnet," and then goes on to talk loosely of "the concept of the universe as a world of pure thought."

Yet the philosophic difficulties of contemporary physics can be solved in a much simpler manner. It is a question of saving the truth value of science, which nobody really doubts but which nobody seems able to fit into his system. The obvious answer is to drop the system and accept the naked character of the scientific process, a character that is more than ever unveiled in the contemporary situation. Drop the bastard conception of scientific realism which makes scientific formulations the laws of a ready-made reality; accept the evident fact that scientific formulations represent stages of abstract intellectual analysis by means of which we return to experience and progressively find out reality.

This means changing simultaneously and correlatively the traditional meanings which we attach to the terms science and reality. Thus, the traditional conception of science emphasized its radical distinction from art and practical activity: science was a mute copy of reality, and the scientist was not an artist who works with the springs of his intelligence, but rather a man who is sent down to measure the dimensions and properties of a finished building. The truth is that science is an art of analysis, an art which begins with the analysis of sense experience into various stages of abstract formulation, but which is really not complete until the formulations are synthesized again with sense experience. Coming back to sense experience is not an extrinsic method of verifying the truth of the scientist's system: it is an integral part of the continuous scientific process, which goes from sense experience to analysis, back to sense experience, and then to more analysis and more sense experience.

Such an extended conception of science naturally demands a different conception of reality. The traditional conception of reality—what was it at bottom but the scientist's first stage in the analysis of experience, with its necessary image of matter and motion? As a matter of fact, the physicist still uses this image in contemporary physics; it is because he uses the image not merely once but several times, at different levels of analysis and in different ways for different problems, that he no longer has a clear-cut image of a single type of matter and motion which he can call reality.

But so far from worrying over the fact that we cannot find any "reality" for our scientific analysis, we should rather rejoice in the breakdown of the "scientific anthropomorphism" which identified reality with a particular stage

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of scientific analysis. The proper conception of reality is not something that we can plaster on to a stage of scientific analysis, but rather that which is progressively revealed in experience, and which is indeed progressively revealed by the very intervention of scientific analysis. Naturally all the stages of scientific analysis have their degree of support in reality so conceived—they are so many greater or lesser truths imbedded in its hidden structure. But it is as foolish and as blasphemous for the scientist to ask reality to identify itself with any one of these partial truths as it was, in the late War, for a clergyman to ask God to identify Himself exclusively with the cause of his nation.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Beautiful Prose

John Wesley, by Donald Wade. New York: Coward-McCann. 301 pages. $3.

MR. WADE is doubtless the most remarkable stylist in biography we have had in America since the War. Considered sectionally, as a Southern writer, he is the only master of style who has ever taken up biography as a form. All of his qualities are peculiar to the twelve years since the Armistice, but to circumscribe him in so short a period is not the same thing as "dating" him. It is simply that his method and style could not have appeared before 1914. He has learned directly or remotely from Strachey, but the lesson obviously taught him to let the master alone after it was over. There has been much talk of biography turning into art in Mr. Strachey's hands. Perhaps Mr. Wade is the first writer to make the talk good: he has an even mastery of tone in which never a false note appears, and a control of the material so lucid that the emphases invariably fall into the right place. Without Strachey "John Wesley" could not have been written; nor could it had not Mr. Wade owned a better weapon than the Strachean irony, which is a prejudice that everybody but the author is second rate.

Strachey discovered that biographical style can be personal, and while Mr. Wade is indebted, as every one else is, to the discovery, he is indebted to no one for the perfection to which he has raised it. It is the fashion now to abuse Strachey, and I am in fashion; yet there is one respect at least in which he is better than his successors, including Mr. Wade. For Strachey is a good historian: I do not mean that he is accurate, or that he even tries to be conscientious with his facts; his loyalty to fact is weak. But his power of presentation, the gift of convincing the reader that the whole scene is before him, is enormous: the first chapter of "Elizabeth and Essex" is a perfect example of the necessary, and necessarily false, objectivity of history. Although Mr. Wade, so far as I am able to judge, is a most scrupulous historian, he has nothing like Strachey's power of presentation. His book, flawlessly written though it is, has the air of being a commentary set down for the benefit of the reader who knows as much about Wesley as the author does. There are few readers who meet this requirement, at least in the present age. Possibly Mr. Wade, who is a much better writer than Strachey, cannot set up a fair illusion of objectivity and, at the same time, keep his style sensitively in tone.

At the end of the book—so remote is the subject matter—we can scarcely remember the high points of Wesley's life; the physical background of the narrative seldom comes out from the surface of comment. We are continually impressed with the singular purity of the author's style. This is enough to be grateful for, and there is no reason to believe that Mr. Wade's method is not, or cannot be made, a satisfactory literary form—provided the author even further concentrates on the style for its own sake, so that the reader's interest will not be divided, as it now is, between the style and the subject. For every rich observation in the style there is a corresponding loss of richness in the narrative. It is as if Mr. Wade were reporting a shrewd or witty remark that some one had made about the conduct of an eccentric man in a drawing-room—without telling us fully what the man did. We enjoy it, but the remark must be overwhelming indeed before we can consent not to wish we had been there.

Whether to be more circumstantial at the risk of corrupting his style—this seems to be Mr. Wade's dilemma, and it is perhaps due to the choice of subject. Mr. Wade could not write as he does and then have much use for a religious reformer. His writing is all disciplined sensibility, and it lacks that merest taint of fanaticism which seems always to accompany the most modest conviction about What Life Is. It is remarkable that, without despising Wesley, he succeeds in not taking him seriously for a moment. He neither likes nor detests what Wesley stood for; so perhaps, for this very reason, the subject has not affected him enough to get itself closely interwoven with the style. Mr. Wade has none of the withering skepticism of a great ironist, but rather a negative view of Wesley which permits him to be kindly and humorous. He is, for a writer of this age, innocent of all intellectual obsessions, and, being a prose writer of a great skill and free sensibility, he might also be a distinguished poet.

ALLEN TATE.

Good Proletarian Realism

Strike, by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

MARY HEATON VORSE'S new novel belongs to the genre of working-class literature. For this reason it may be pertinent to apply to it Michael Gold's pattern of proletarian realism, as published in the September issue of The New Masses. A few salient features of the Gold standard are:

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after melodrama or other effects; life itself is the supreme melodrama. . . .

All this is definitely pertinent to Mrs. Vorse's novel; indeed, "Strike" might have been written precisely to fit the pattern which Mr. Gold lays down. I do not pretend to believe that his pattern is ideal. I prefer myths and what I think is truth to realism and fact. Further, it seems to me that expression should be effective rather than simple; I am not convinced that the two qualities inevitably coincide. Nevertheless, the Gold standard, as a proletarian cultural instrument, seems capable of fruitful exploitation, and Mrs. Vorse's book effectively demonstrates that this is true.

Ferdinand Deane is by no means its only hero, but he is perhaps the central one—mainly, I judge, because it is on him that the burden of responsibility rests in the struggle which the book portrays. He is the Northern organizer sent to Stonerton, in the South, where the workers of the Basil-Schenk Manufacturing Company, makers of textiles, are on spontaneous strike. Because he is from the North and also because he is an organizer, he becomes a nucleus around which coagulates the hate of the entire community, except for the workers he tries to organize. True to the concept of the proletarian hero, as set forth by Mr. Gold, Fer Deane is consistently a victim of honest fear—fear of the steadily charging, suddenly discharging mob hate that follows him everywhere; fear of the gun-toting habits which his followers have brought with them from the mountains, and which may at any moment disastrously reassert themselves. But always one feels driving through his fear the iron force of duty and discipline, and this force carries him intact to his final triumph: he falls, facing the foe, pursuing his work of organization at the very gates of the mill. And with matter-of-fact determination his spirit lives on in those he has led. Says Del Evans, as the narrative comes to a close, "We gotta make a union. . . ." You get the idea that, for all the hatred, violence and official injustice leveled against them, the textile workers finally will achieve organization and victory. Something has been aroused in them that has lifted them out of themselves, and they cannot play it false. There is only one way out, and that is forward to solidarity. Under pressure they have gained and integrated the strength needed to sustain them on the hard road toward the misted goal.

Irma Rankin, a woman organizer, is pictured as an all-too-human being who has cultivated the convenient habit of loading all reverses upon the backs of others. Fer Deane, who has definitely turned his back on the process of moping or regretting because of the awryness of things, more often than not serves as the goat. Yet Irma, with her rather frigid bitterness and her vixenish ways, consistently plays the iron virgin when the battle is on. She beefs, she crabs, but she keeps her shoulder to the wheel to the finish.

Roger Hewlett is a journalist assigned to cover the strike, and it is by using him as a shuttle that Mrs. Vorse carries her thread through the non-proletarian parts of her design. Hewlett's friends, the Parkers, make plain the animosity of the Better Element toward the activity of the working people. To them, the workers are stupid, wasteful, extravagant and most of all ungrateful. Fer Deane bulks as an insidious and venal sower of discontent. Incidentally, the Parkers stand forth as symbols of the grotesque, befuddled, intellectually invalid middle class.

Emphasis generally in "Strike" is on the battle, and the characters emerge mostly in the course of action. There are many more than I have named who play major parts in the conflict. As the narrative moves along, one recognizes

incidents which took place at Gastonia and other strike centers last year—the murder trial, with the effigy of the chief of police and the insane juryman, for example; and the shooting of the ballad-singing woman worker, known in the novel as Mamie Lewes. The melodrama is simply that of the actual happening—the spark struck in the collision of the mill-owning plutocracy with the newly materialized force of proletarian self-help. And the style of expression is always unvarnished and to the point.

Particularly striking is the meeting which is opened by Brother Williams with a characteristic mountain parson's prayer. Somehow this incident reminds me of an account I read once of the batfle of King's Mountain (recently the scene of Mr. Hoover's speech against revolutionists), wherein the ancestors of these same millworkers were solemnly addressed by a Calvinist preacher and told to "strike with the strength of Gideon" against the representatives of Law and Order entrenched on the rise. It is tough to think that the same tactics would be ruinous now, since the big guns are all on Basil Schenk's and Mr. Hoover's side.

MURRAY GODWIN.

John Bagnell Bury

Selected Essays of J. B. Bury, edited by Harold Temperley. Cambridge University Press. 249 pages. $5.

THE REGIUS Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University gave the world of scholarship a new conception of history which was not so much an invention of his own as a deduction or, better, a logical development. "History is a science, no less and no more," he said in assuming Lord Acton's chair at Cambridge. A science of history was bound to come. Why Darwin and Buckle did not more immediately precipitate it may be a puzzle, but it was not until 1903 that their implications, as applied to history, were condensed in Bury's at that time audacious stricture on a conception of history that was distorted by a thousand extraneous considerations. He later developed the "contingency" theory, which discards general causes and emphasizes the importance of the trivial in explaining great historical events.

Bury had the proper background for his dignified opposition to all that tended to obscure the methods and aims of history. A profound classicist, he could handle original sources as deftly as another could translations. He was familiar with the treatises of Wolf, the Homeric scholar, and Niebuhr, the critic of Livy. He had devoured the historians from Polybius and Thucydides to Ranke, the brilliant and impartial reviewer of the papacy, to whom Bury was much indebted. So fortified, he delivered history from the tyranny of rhetoric, chauvinism and philosophy, or at least did much to cast into disrepute historians who leaned too obviously on these three evil sisters.

Bury took for his own special province the history of Byzantium, but this set no limit to his eagerness and curiosity. During his many years at Cambridge he was unflagging in his efforts to stimulate an enthusiasm for modern history. Indeed, his projected reform of the Historical Tripos was based on increasing the requisites in modern history, which he considered "most pressing of all."

The present selection from his speeches and public works is sagaciously edited. While Mr. Temperley has devoted the first and third sections of the volume to Professor Bury's theory of history and to his Byzantine studies respectively, he has saved the middle section for two essays on freedom of speech, one of them a singularly acute analy-

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sis of the trial of Socrates. These liberal writings, especially the second, which concerns itself with freedom of speech and the censorship during the War, prove, as well as any I have ever read, that it is possible, without raising the voice, to write wisely on an issue which too often enlists thoughtless and violent partisans on both sides.

WALLACE BROCKWAY.

Book Notes

Works of special interest, important reprints, novels of more than average quality and other books which, though they cannot be reviewed at length, should be called to the attention of our readers, will be noticed descriptively in this new department. "Book Notes" will appear regularly in The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

ART

FROM TOULOUSE-LAUTREC TO RODIN, by Arthur Symons. *New York: Alfred H. King. 242 pages. $4.*

Mr. Symons herein writes for the most part of men and times he knew, and his reminiscences make good reading. Yet despite his long association with artists, he still has "the literary man's attitude" toward art, so that his criticism of Degas, Manet, Redon, Rodin and others is too much concerned with the subject matter treated by these artists, with the symbolism of their work and with his own impressionistic emotions. But his enthusiasm never flags, and he has the high power of sending the reader to the works he discusses. . . . The book, sumptuously printed, is illustrated with half a dozen plates.

THE MEANING OF ART, by Philip McMahon. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 306 pages. $3.*

A stimulating and provocative book for students of esthetics. By means of a careful and wordy examination of several definitions, Mr. McMahon succeeds in opening the reader's mind to a number of cogent implications. The Neo-Platonic conclusion is open to question, but so, very likely, would be any other.

A MINIATURE HISTORY OF ART, by R. H. Wilenski. *New York: Oxford University Press. 136 pages. $2.*

This primer of art for the uninformed reader is readable, thoroughly competent, and is illustrated with twenty-four well chosen reproductions. Mr. Jewell's chapter on American art is disappointing; but in compensation there is provided, at the end of the book, a selected list of art works in the museums of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Washington and New York.

BELLES LETTRES

THE GREEK WAY, by Edith Hamilton. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 247 pages. $3.*

An analysis of the Greek state of mind, in its relation to the great tragedies and to Greek art in general. . . . Miss Hamilton's generalizations are at times too unqualified to be altogether safe. "A Greek temple is the simplest of all the great buildings of the world. The Gothic cathedral was of all buildings the most elaborated in detail." Neither of these flat assertions is quite true. But a suspicion of overstatement is no denial of the miracle of Greece, or the substance of Miss Hamilton's presentation. The phenomenon is mysterious enough. To all the old social organizations the individual was, relatively, merged in the race or state; and their arts, when there were any, were racial. But the Greek was not satisfied with unconscious habit. He was a curiously conscious person, and lifted habits into ideas. He carried into his art the idea that the whole should dominate the parts. The fortunate circumstances out of which the Athenian flowered, many of them, can only be guessed at, but one of them at least was commercial. He was extraordinarily alert. The emotions and the intellect, the force and the control, met in him at high tension, and yet somehow balanced. He was both impulsive and intelligent. It is this balance, this possession of both hardness

and sensitiveness, this harmony of qualities that in most natures tend to clash, which now draws men's eyes back to the fifth-century Athenian as the holder of a lost secret. It may be that a renewed cult of Hellenism is coming our way. The cult has been often proclaimed, the Greek often described and analyzed; but Miss Hamilton treats the essentials of the phenomenon, and her rendering is fresh and suggestive.

THE LETTERS AND EPIGRAMS OF SIR JOHN HARINGTON. Edited by Norman Egbert McClure. *Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 438 pages. $5.*

John Harington of Kelston, known as the Epigrammatist, was an ambitious courtier, but he could not persuade Elizabeth, or James, or either of the two Cecils, to take him seriously. It is not difficult to understand why. He had a knack of getting into trouble, and they associated him with his epigrams—scandalous, some of them, even to that hardy generation—and with his "Metamorphoses of Ajax," which seems to have been a learned and facetious discourse on latrines. The seventeenth-century epigram was not always satirical. Ben Jonson thought it ought to be "bold, licentious, full of gall," but his own practice was not strict to his rule. Harington's epigrams were usually caustic, many of them still amusing, some of them licentious enough; but his most interesting relics today are his private letters. About two-thirds of them appear for the first time in this collection of Mr. McClure's, which is exceedingly well edited with notes scholarly and sufficient. There are not many such letters as Harington's for that period, and no Pepys or St. Simon for the courts of Elizabeth and James. The introduction deals with Harington's life and works in greater detail than has ever been done before.

Fiction

BELOVED! (O Mon Goye), by Sarah Levy. *Translated by William A. Drake. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.*

The use of racial instead of emotional differences of temperament raises this story of the romantic attachment between a Jewess and a Frenchman above the general run of civilized French novels. It follows the usual Gallic pattern, but is agreeably and wittily written; one's only quarrel with the author is that she has put altogether too much emphasis on the property instinct as the most conspicuous trait in the Jewish character. The climaxes in the story are built about her heroine's preoccupation with houses and strings of pearls. The translation is good.

THE CASTLE, by Franz Kafka. *Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

The late Franz Kafka was an interesting member of the modern German school of novelists; but in his posthumous novel, "The Castle," for all the high recommendations of Mr. Edwin Muir, he has not overcome the dangers of the allegorical form. A vagueness of style, of substance and religious aspiration, leaves this mystical fiction with the minimum of interest for the reader and notably for the American public.

EVERY MOTHER'S SON, by Norman Lindsay. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.*

The theme of adolescence, on which Booth Tarkington has been working the changes for a good many years, does not suffer from the mutations of a fresh and unsentimentalized point of view. The escapades, sexual and otherwise, of the younger Pipers, are told with casual good humor and honesty, and the author is not afraid to present his Australian adolescents, Henry and Ethel in particular, as impure young animals, and pretty ordinary ones at that.

MADMAN'S DRUM, by Lynd Ward. *New York: Cape and Smith. $3.*

This second novel in woodcuts by Lynd Ward preaches the triumph of carnality and commonness over the purely intellectual ideals of a scientist who neglects his wife. "Carnality" is an ape-faced man playing a flute. "The scientist" is skinny and large-eyed; he peers into a telescope at the "intellectual things" here represented by night, a comet and two galaxies of stars. By the

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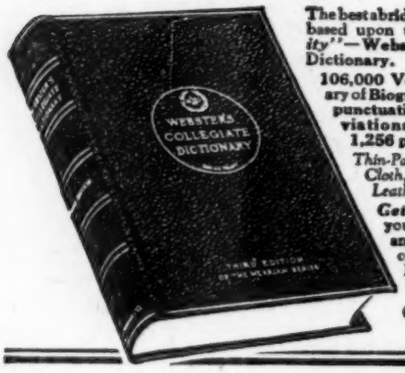

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very nature of the medium, any novel in woodcuts must depend on stock symbols and familiar emotional patterns; it can offer no great contribution either to fiction or to art; but it can—and in this case does—make an excellent Christmas present.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. *Translated by Roberts Tapley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.*

Essentially this novel by a famous Icelandic writer is a philosophic melodrama. During a seven-days' rain of volcanic ash over Reykjavik, the city is attacked by an epidemic of influenza. The characters, in the midst of this desolation, talk of life, death, morals; and point is lent to their argument by the fact that one of them is trying to drive another insane. The climax is tragic; it would be more so, and the novel as a whole more effective, if the translator had not written in a style vaguely reminiscent of Laura Jean Libbey.

STORIES BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD, *a selection by John Middleton Murry, with designs by Zhenya Gay. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 215 pages. $5.*

Twelve of Katherine Mansfield's best stories, including "Prelude" and "A Married Man's Story," but not including "Je ne Parle pas Français," are sumptuously printed in this volume, intended, it would seem, as a gift book for intelligent readers. The line drawings by Zhenya Gay are unobtrusive and pleasant.

WOMEN AND MONKS, by Joseph Kallinikov. *Translated by Patrick Kirwan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.*

A panoramic novel in 876 closely printed pages, dealing with the tiresome debaucheries committed in a Russian monastery during the twelve years that ended with the Revolution.

History

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC, by S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager. *New York: Oxford University Press. 956 pages. $6.*

A history of this country from 1763 till the declaration of war in the spring of 1917. In revising his two-volume "Oxford History of the United States," Professor Morison, a New Englander, was aided by Professor Commager, whom he describes as "a Middle Westerner of the post-war generation, with Southern affiliations." The result of their different backgrounds was an especially full and fair treatment of the Civil War period, one which emphasizes the part played by personal squabbles as well as the grand sweep of economic forces. The volume as a whole, with its statistical tables and careful bibliography, can be recommended both as a college textbook and for the general reader.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR, by Sidney Bradshaw Fay. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 1046 pages. $4.*

Professor Fay's invaluable study of the policies and events that led to the War has been reissued, with revisions that bring it up to date, in a one-volume edition for students and the public in general.

THE SOUTH AS A CONSCIOUS MINORITY: 1789-1861, by Jesse T. Carpenter. *The New York University Press. 315 pages. $4.50.*

The author regards the Old South as a sectional minority "consciously striving for seventy-odd years to evolve an adequate philosophy of protection to its interests in the American Union." In a well organized volume, intended primarily for scholars but interesting, too, for other readers, he presents the progress of Southern political thought toward the ideas that found expression in the Confederate constitution.

Memoirs

TWO YEARS, by Liam O'Flaherty. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 322 pages. $2.50.*

Here is post-war nihilism as it affected a different character, a different level of society, from those so elegantly discussed in the

novels of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh. After being mustered out of the army because of shell shock, Liam O'Flaherty spent two years wandering over the world as a sailor, a hobo and a factory hand. In Rio de Janeiro, he bought drinks for the other beach combers. In Smyrna, just after the Greek occupation, he participated in a sailors' orgy as vast, melodramatic and insane as anything described in contemporary literature. He has the Irishman's gift for story telling, and he has what is almost a genius for bringing people alive in short descriptions. His own character as here depicted is perhaps the least successful of his creations—the most incredible, the most clouded with conflicting ideas, and the only one that interferes with the movement of an extraordinarily interesting story.

Poetry

THE BEST POEMS OF 1930, selected by Thomas Moult. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 100 pages. $2.50.*

A yearly anthology of magazine verse, English and American, decked out in the manner of a graceful and attractive valentine or Christmas gift. The collection justifies its existence by its popularity and by the unpretentious manner of its editor.

HIDDEN FLAME, by Bunichi Kagawa. *Stanford, Calif: Half Moon Press. 35 pages. Price not given.*

Through the fog of immediate influences and in spite of a patronizing foreword by Yvor Winters, Bunichi Kagawa emerges as an original and convincing poet. His poetry is largely decorative and in a final sense noncommittal; it depends upon quickly conceived and rapidly vanishing images which are sometimes rendered inexact by the overuse of such words as "time," "brain," "blood," etc.; yet there is scarcely a poem in this carefully chosen selection that does not disclose potentialities for unusual force and precision.

NEAR AND FAR, by Edmund Blunden. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 64 pages. $2.*

Edmund Blunden, leaning backward into a neo-classical tradition of English minor poetry, has produced another slender volume of verse. Within the limits of an English countryside populated exclusively by English country squires, Mr. Blunden's poetry is excellent. He has the ability to convert a pleasant and scholarly tradition of rural English poetry into a few lines of verse that are often distinctive and almost never banal.

THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 401 pages. $4.*

This centenary edition of Emily Dickinson, pleasingly bound and well printed, is intended to supersede the previous collections of her work. It contains all her published poems—nearly 800, including the 170 or more discovered in 1928 and first printed in 1929.

THE UNCELESTIAL CITY, by Humbert Wolfe. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pages. $2.50.*

At best, a novel in verse must be considered as a tour de force. The intention behind this latest venture of Humbert Wolfe's is obviously one of satire, dealing with the miscarriage of justice and the frustration of esthetic and moral ideals in modern civilization. One would have more sympathy with Mr. Wolfe's experiment if he did not employ the familiar butterfly-on-the-wheel motif and reduce his facility for breakneck rhymes and rhythms to the level of doggerel in an effort to reproduce colloquial speech.

Law

OUR CRIMINAL COURTS, by Raymond Moley. *New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 271 pages. $3.50.*

Professor Moley of the Columbia Law School has served as a member of crime commissions in ten states, and has thus enjoyed a rare opportunity to observe the actual workings of American criminal justice. In the present volume, written for laymen as well as for lawyers, he discusses some widespread abuses and suggests a number of practical remedies.

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Nathaniel Peffer, author of *China—The Collapse of a Civilization,* says: "Julia Ellsworth Ford makes in 'Consequences' a powerful statement of the case of the Eastern peoples against Western greed and exploitation. She makes a powerful statement of the bitter truth of the opium evil, originally foisted on China by the white man for money profit. If the novel form will lead to a wider reading and appreciation of these truths, Mrs. Ford will have done a great service."

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CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN AMERICA, by Roscoe Pound. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 226 pages. $2.*

A series of lectures in which the dean of the Harvard Law School discusses the theory and practice, the history and present situation, of criminal justice in the United States. In conclusion he emphasizes the need for preventive justice, for the individualized treatment of offenders, and especially for a more highly socialized conception of criminal law, in order to obtain "a workable balance between the general security and the individual life."

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

BLACK BREAD AND RED COFFINS, by Negley Farson. *New York: The Century Company. 316 pages. $4.*

Travels across Russia by a first-rate newspaper man who has written another book of travels, and several light novels, and who, incidentally, has read Ernest Hemingway. Intellectually Mr. Farson is confused in regard to Russia, but he has sharp eyes, a swift pen; and his book can be highly recommended to those who are interested in the picturesque surface of Russian life.

NO HARD FEELINGS! by John Lewis Barkley. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 327 pages. $2.*

A back-country butcher might spend a prosperous lifetime without slaughtering a number of cattle equal to the number of men whom Private John L. Barkley killed on the afternoon of October 7, 1918, near Cunel in the Argonne, on the slopes of Hill 253. As a single-handed, single-minded venture in courageous butchery, it was perhaps the greatest of the War. Barkley, a sniper, captured a machine gun, installed it in an abandoned tank, and practically unaided repelled two German attacks, wiping out a German battalion in the process. His story, which seems to have been written in collaboration with some very competent journalist, is flavored with cognac and perfumed with French ladies; it proves that life sometimes resembles a blood-and-thunder movie.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD, an Englishman who contributes articles to English and American reviews, is at present traveling through India. He is the author of "Olives of Endless Age," "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle" and other books.

JUDSON KING is director of the National Popular Government League.

SILAS BENT, whose "Machine-Made Man" appeared this spring, has just completed a biography of Will Hays.

T. S. MATTHEWS, the literary editor of Time, is soon to publish a novel, "To the Gallows I Must Go."

HOWARD COXE, novelist and journalist, is the author of "Passage to the Sky."

PAUL H. DOUGLAS is professor of Economics at the University of Chicago and secretary of the Pennsylvania Commission on Unemployment.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN was on the editorial staff of The Miscellany, to which he contributed many critical essays.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, a contributor to various reviews, is the author of "The Adventure of Science" which Simon and Schuster published last month.

ALLEN TATE, who is at present living in Tennessee, is working on a new biography. He is a contributor to the recently published symposium "I'll Take My Stand."

MURRAY GODWIN, who is at present free-lancing in New York City, has been a contributor to Transition and other left-wing reviews.

WALLACE BROCKWAY, a student of the classics and of Byzantine history, is now a free-lance writer.

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